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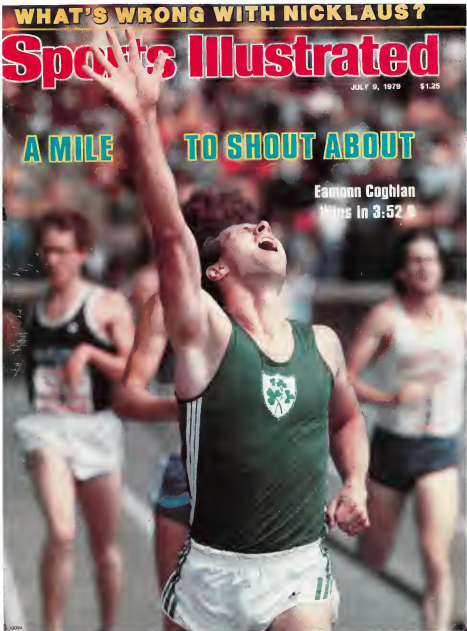
Sports Illustrated

JULY 9, 1979

\$1.25

A MILE TO SHOUT ABOUT

Eamonn Coghlan
Wins In 3:52.4





VO

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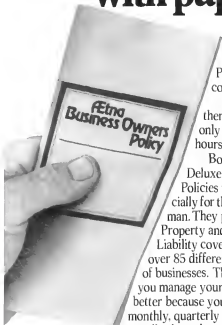
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In 1908, the electric elevator was up and coming. The Franklin family got on for a ride.

The world was changing early in the century, and the kids were taking to it beautifully. John, Jr., youngest of the second generation of Franklins, had come home in a shiny new uniform. He had landed a great job—running the electric elevators in a big downtown department store.

The family had been planning to go for a ride in John, Jr.'s elevator car for weeks, and now they were there. They'd dressed in their finest and had taken the electrified trolley downtown. Johnny was a little embarrassed by all the fuss, but he was also very proud. Lots of people came to the store just to ride the elevator.

Electricity changed the shape of the world.

We take elevators for granted now. The tall buildings they make possible are symbols of modern civilization. And it is electricity that made elevators fast and versatile enough to be practical. Even back then, when an elevator was a novelty, the electric companies were

there meeting the demand.

Over the years electricity has become more and more important in the way we live and the work we do. For five generations we've been inventing and planning and building things that use electricity, always with confidence that the electric companies would make the power we need.

Demand for electricity continues to grow.

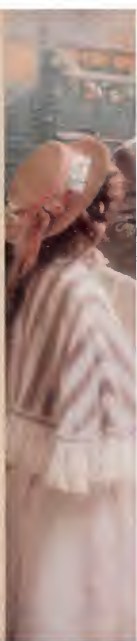
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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

SLOPPY DRAFTSMANSHIP

Call it coincidence, but amateur drafts—or at least actions arising from them—are causing hard feelings right now in three sports. In baseball, the Oakland A's No. 1 choice in last month's draft, Juan Bustabad, a 17-year-old shortstop, says A's owner Charlie Finley called and offered him a \$25,000 bonus and was annoyed when the Miami native turned it down. Bustabad at first claimed that Finley hung up on him but now says the owner did no such thing. At any rate, noting that some players drafted after him have reportedly signed for far more than \$25,000, Bustabad says the A's have not improved on Finley's offer and that he will let his name go back into the pool for the winter draft.

In the NFL, six of the top 13 draft choices remain unsigned and some of them are eyeing the Canadian Football League. They include Tom Cousineau, the NFL's No. 1 overall choice, who has not come to terms with the Buffalo Bills and who huddled recently with the Montreal Alouettes. Why the contract hassles? Apparently because of a hardened take-it-or-leave-it posture on the part of owners.

In the NHL, the annual amateur draft will be held Aug. 9, with the eligible age lowered from 20 to 19. Max McNab, the Washington Capital general manager, claims that by including "underage" players, the NHL is defeating the draft's avowed purpose of helping weaker teams. "Usually the bottom 10 clubs are the ones that really benefit from the draft," McNab explains. "This year, with the inclusion of underage players, even the top teams will get good players. In terms of parity, that's bad."

In all three instances, the hard feelings seem to be justified.

BOOT THAT PUSKIN

The ostrich-skin cowboy boots Coach Bum Phillips wore along the sidelines at Houston Oilers games last season are out and, apparently, so are the ones in

powder-blue anteater hide he sometimes sported. Phillips went shopping in El Paso the other day and picked up a pair of boots in gray crocodile skin, another in blue wild turkey hide and three pairs in eelskin—tan, maroon and brown. He says he wishes he had had the crocodile boots to wear during last season's AFC championship game, in which Pittsburgh beat the Oilers in a rainstorm, 34-5. "Crocodiles like water," Bum explains.

PALE RYDER

The PGA of America will name the U.S. Ryder Cup team after this week's Western Open, and it appears that for the first time since he became eligible for Cup play in 1969, Jack Nicklaus will not make it (see page 20). Points toward selection to the 12-member squad are awarded on the basis of performances in PGA events, and Nicklaus is currently 21st on the list. Unless he wins next month's PGA championship, and with it an automatic spot on the team, he will have to be content with his role as architect. He was retained to renovate the course at the Greenbrier in White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., where the match with a British/European side will be played Sept. 14-16.

Nicklaus' successor as the world's leading golfer may also be absent. Tom Watson has lapped the field of Ryder Cup aspirants—Hubert Green is a distant second—but he and his wife Linda are expecting their first child in early September. Tom has made clear his intention of staying home if she hasn't delivered by Sept. 14.

Jerry Pate is likely to be missing, too. He would have amassed enough points to be No. 2, but only members of the PGA of America are eligible, and Pate didn't get around to applying for membership until it was too late. Like Nicklaus, he can make it only by winning the PGA title.

For the opposing team, which this year has been expanded to include players from the Continent as well as from Britain, all this should be cause for unac-

customized optimism. Of the 22 matches played since 1927, the U.S. has lost only three, the last defeat having come 22 years ago.

DOUBLE VISION

When he was coach of the powerful Nashville Aquatic Club, Paul Bergen was in charge of 150 swimmers, including—besides the redoubtable Tracy Caulkins—five sets of identical twins. The odds against finding that many in a random group of 150 are four trillion to one. Last fall Bergen became the women's coach at the University of Texas and brought with him two of those sets of twins, Dian and Jann Girard, who en-



rolled at Texas as freshmen, and Karen and Kim Nicholson, high school girls who joined Bergen's new Longhorn Aquatic Club. And he was greeted in Austin by another pair, Janet and Jo-Ann Safely, who swam for his college team as walk-ons.

Bergen, by now an expert on the subject, allows that coaching identical twins "keeps you on your toes," and he insists that for an observant fellow like himself, there are ways to distinguish one from the other. For instance, he claims Dian Girard is more outgoing than Jann, and that Kim Nicholson has deeper dimples than Karen. But Jann Girard says, "Coach Bergen pretends to be able to tell us apart, but you can tell that most of the time he really can't."

The Nicholsonswere recently injured in an auto accident and no longer swam for Bergen, and the Safelys have dropped out of competition to become co-managers of the Texas team, so some of Bergen's double vision has cleared up. But he still

continued

trains the Girards, both of whom are world class. Dian was runner-up in the 200-yard backstroke at last April's AAU championships, and although Jann, a breaststroker-individual medleyist, has not done quite as well, she vows. "Dian passed me up when I broke my leg skiing a few years ago, but I'm going to catch her." Which would, of course, eliminate one way Bergen can tell them apart.

REMNANTS

The Portland Trail Blazers' loss is the burgundy hunter's gain. Two sporting goods stores in Portland suburbs ran this forlorn ad last week: "Bill Walton T-shirts, \$6.95 value, \$1 each."

KEEPING THE KINGS

When the roof on Kansas City's Kemper Arena caved in last month (SCORECARD, June 18), the city's hopes of holding on to its NBA franchise buckled a bit, too. In six seasons in Kansas City, the Kings had lost \$4.5 million, and only their 30-year lease at Kemper was keeping them in town. But one provision of that lease was that they could terminate it if the city for any reason failed to make the arena available. Because this was now the case, the Kings suddenly had a royal opportunity to move elsewhere.

For a while last week, it looked as though they might just do that. City officials were promising to get Kemper, which seats 16,835, back in operation late in the 1979-80 season. They wanted the Kings to play until then in the old Memorial Auditorium. But that building seats only 9,350, and the Kings were attentive when a Minnesota group expressed interest in buying the club and moving it to the Twin Cities.

To keep the club, anxious Kansas City officials agreed to provide 20 rent-free dates at the auditorium, and local businessmen promised to support an all-out season-ticket drive for next season. At week's end the Kings announced that they would spurn Minnesota and play in Municipal Auditorium next season. If they are to remain in town beyond then, Kansas City no doubt will have to renegotiate the lease for Kemper—and sweeten the pot even more.

JOB RESUMED

Another missing roof is in the news—the retractable one that was supposed to go on Montreal's Olympic Stadium. Owing to soaring costs and lengthy con-

struction delays, the Quebec government decided before the start of the '76 Games to scrap plans for both the roof and an adjacent 24-story tower, which was supposed to house gyms, offices and a panoramic restaurant. A huge orange crane was left at the site, and it has loomed over the stadium as a curious landmark ever since.

Recently the crane swung into action again. Convinced that no city needed a covered stadium more than Montreal, Quebec officials agreed last fall to spend the estimated \$65 million required to put up the tower and roof. The project is expected to be completed in 1981, by which time the crane presumably will be removed. Montrealers will believe it when they no longer see it.

PAPER TIGER

Jim Kern, the Texas Rangers' star relief pitcher, cuts paper. He says he acquired a taste for it during a hitch in the Marines. "If you got more than two letters a day, you had to eat all of them," he explained the other day to the *Los Angeles Times*' Alan Greenberg. "I once ate half a *Sporting News*." On a recent team flight, Kern noticed one of the writers who cover the Rangers reading John Dean's *Blind Ambition*. As a joke, he grabbed the book, tore out the last few pages, ate them and said, "Now figure out how it ends."

Bad manners, Jim. You should never talk with your mouth full.

PINCHED PENNIES, STRAINED REFS

NBA owners, those free-wheeling fellows who pay the game's fancy player salaries, have picked a strange time to pinch pennies. Last week, as a consequence of the owners' decision to drop the three-referee system, which had been in effect for one season, in favor of the old two-official setup, the NBA dismissed 10 of its 38 referees.

The owners decided to go back to two refs despite opposition from coaches, general managers and players. The third official had been added primarily because of the violence that had marred games in the 1977-78 season. Violence was down last season, but NBA Commissioner Larry O'Brien attributes the reduction to higher fines, not the third official. But Norm Drucker, the NBA's supervisor of officials, feels that the officials' health and welfare would be better served by the three-ref system. "The game is so fast

and the athletes so much better that it's harder to keep up," he says. "I won't say that the two-man system can't be effective, because it's worked before, but I'm concerned." Drucker asserts that the high-pressure work caused four officials to miss significant portions of last season. One of them, Don Murphy, suffered a heart attack.

According to Atlanta General Manager Michael Gearon, the cost of the third ref is "meaningless." Drucker puts the figure at \$600,000, which works out to about \$30,000 per franchise—the NBA minimum player salary.

RAIL CROSSING

Signs reading CLAPPER RAIL XING have gone up at three points along Back Bay Drive, which hugs the shore of Upper Newport Bay in Newport Beach, Calif. Lest motorists find that message mystifying, the sign also contains a silhouette of a rather comical-looking bird. This is the light-footed clapper rail (*Rallus longirostris leucipes*), which is on the endangered species list. A colony of 150 of them inhabits the mud flats flanking the road, and the signs are there to protect them.

It seems that light-footed clapper rails are light-footed only in the sense that their legs are skinny. The birds are anything but nimble, and Ralph L. Young, an official of the California Department of Fish and Game, says, "As a matter of fact, they walk like Groucho Marx, sort of tilted forward. And they seldom fly." Which probably explains why at least five of the rare birds were struck and killed by cars over the past year as they tried crossing little-traveled Back Bay Drive. Alarmed by the carnage, officials put the warning signs up three weeks ago. So far as anyone can determine, no light-footed clapper rails have been struck by cars since then.

THEY SAID IT

■ Sparky Anderson, the Detroit Tigers' new manager: "It's a terrible thing to have to tell your fans, who have waited like Detroit's have, that their team won't win it this year. But it's better than lying to them."

■ Carl Mauck, Houston Oilers center, hearing the news that one of the team's linemen will receive a 25-pound assortment of steaks and sausages after every game in which Earl Campbell rushes for 100 yards next season: "Can they work out something to get us some gas?" **END**

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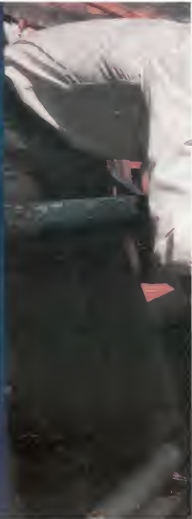
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HANDS ACROSS THE



South Africa's Maree withdrew from the world team that is ineligible to compete for world eligibility, but he timed Coughlin's triumph and offered heartfelt congratulations.



CONTINUED

CHASM

With track outcast Sydney Maree watching from the stands, Eamonn Coghlan ran the fastest mile of the outdoor season and Mary Decker established an American record

by JOE MARSHALL



To stir interest in last Saturday's Brooks Meet of Champions at Franklin Field in Philadelphia, the promoters bullhorned "The Magnificent Mile" as the main event, although the only truly magnificent thing about a mile these days is the cost of the gasoline needed to cover it. By Saturday evening the question was: Which magnificent mile? Mary Decker's American-record 4:23.5, the second-fastest time in history for a woman and only 1.4 seconds off the pending world record of Romania's Natalia Maracescu? Or Irishman Eamonn Coghlan's 3:52.9, the fastest outdoor time in the world this year?

It's too late now, but what the promoters should have done was bill each mile as "The Rabbit Chase." Both Decker and Coghlan were spared to their splendid times by rabbits—runners who purposely set fast paces and then quickly fall out of contention.

Meet coordinator Ron Skanko persuaded Susan Vigil of the University of New Mexico to lead the women, and inserted two pacemakers, Paul Cummings and Eilon Cochran-Fikes, into the men's race. Cummings, who has run 3:56.4, is a near world-class miler in his own right, but Skanko changed his classification for the Meet of Champions. "I won't say exactly what Cummings' role is in the mile," he said, "but I'm having a shirt made up for him with big ears on the front and a cottontail on the back."

Decker's record run paled almost five seconds from Francine Larrieu's old standard. Larrieu lowered that by .6 seconds, but her 4:27.6 put her 30 yards behind Decker and in second place. Decker had saddled herself with pressure by publicly stating that she was pointing for the American record. Behind the scenes she maneuvered to improve the odds. Skanko had planned all along to spice up the men's mile with rabbits, but he hadn't envisioned Vigil's role in the women's mile until Decker requested it.

"Mary wanted me to go out in 64 seconds for the first quarter," said Vigil. She succeeded in pulling the field, which included Jan Merrill, the American record holder in the 1,500, through the first lap in 64.5, but she fell far short of her half-mile goal of 2:08. When Decker, who was second at the halfway point, heard the time announced (2:11.3), she realized she had to take charge. Merrill had taken a brief lead late in the second lap, but

Decker suddenly kicked past her, opening a big gap on both Merrill and Larrieu. Decker led by 15 yards at the end of her 66.4 third lap, and blazed the final quarter in 65.8.

Decker spent much of the winter in New Zealand, where she hoped to take advantage of the southern hemisphere summer for heavy outdoor training. But in February she slipped on a curb and suffered a whiplash injury that prevented her from working out until April. She is just now getting back into top racing shape. "I know I'm nowhere near my potential," she said after the race. "I'm looking forward to breaking the world record, and I'm confident that I will get it sometime this season."

With or without rabbits, the world record was in jeopardy in the men's race because Skanko had assembled the year's finest mile field. It included not only Coghlan, who set the indoor world record of 3:52.6 in San Diego last February, but also Steve Scott, the AAU champion the past two years at 1,500 meters; New Zealand's John Walker, the world-record holder in the mile (3:49.4); Walker's countryman Rod Dixon, and Villanova's Don Paige, the NCAA 800- and 1,500-meter champion. All five had run the distance under 3:55.

The Brooks meet had strong fields in other events, too, but produced impressive times only in the two mile races. Renaldo Nehemiah won the high hurdles in 13:30, beating Dedy Cooper by more than half a second, while Harvey Glance took the 100-meter dash in 10.32, defeating a formidable field: AAU champion James Sanford, Clancy Edwards, Houston McTear and Steve Riddick. Evelyn Ashford, who successfully doubled in the AAU championships at 100 and 200 meters, did so again, this time at 100 and 400 meters. Even Dwight Stones, the high jumper turned professional, made an appearance. After the meet was over, Stones staged a one-man exhibition to some cheers, some jeers and some yawns. Stones hadn't competed since last June, but he still managed to clear 7' 3". Benn Fields jumped 7' 3/4" in the regular competition, beating Franklin Jacobs on the basis of fewer misses.

Despite the quality fields in each event, only 5,144 fans turned out for the meet—and they looked lost in the 60,000-seat stadium on the Penn campus. "I bring all these great athletes in here," Skanko



Vigil (right) set a fast early pace for Decker, who

moaned, "and all you read about in the papers is the one athlete who withdrew."

That was South African miler Sydney Maree, 22, who also attends Villanova, out on the Main Line. Before Saturday's meet, Maree had the year's best outdoor time, a 3:53.7 that he ran in Stellenbosch, South Africa on May 7. But Maree withdrew from the meet on Wednesday amid considerable controversy.

As a South African, Maree is ineligible for international competition because his country's Amateur Athletic Union has been expelled by the International Amateur Athletic Federation, the world governing body of track and field. The IAAF took this action in July of 1976, following the example of the International Olympic Committee, which has barred South Africans from the Olympics since 1964 to protest apartheid. To support its stand, the IAAF threatens sanctions against any athlete who competes in an international meet with a South African. So Maree decided to withdraw rather than jeopardize the eligibility of the other athletes.

The irony of the situation, of course, is that Maree is black. "These rules were tailored for me," he says, "but now they keep me out, too. I have no rights in South Africa. I have no voting rights in the rest of the world. I just feel like an outcast."

Maree, who can compete in internal meets in the United States and won the NCAA 5,000-meter title last month, has taken part in several international events. Other competitors in those meets included Walker, Coghlan, Nehemiah, the



She missed the world record in the women's mile

Kenyan distance runner Henry Rono and the Tanzanian distance man Suleman Nyambui, all of whom risked their eligibility. But the IAAF and, by extension, this country's AAU did not examine Maree's activities closely until two weeks ago. At the last minute he was denied admittance to a meet in New Jersey. "I thought if I became the best runner in the world, the world would demand me to run," Maree says. "But the stronger I get, the louder the noise gets."

Much of that noise comes from the Supreme Council for Sports in Africa, which organized the walkout by 24 countries at the '76 Montreal Olympics, and the South African Non-Racial Olympic Committee (SANROC). There is a popular misconception that Maree is the unintended victim of a poorly thought-out crusade against white supremacy in South Africa. The truth is, that though both the Supreme Council and SANROC are predominantly black groups, they have consciously worked to ban Maree from international competition. "The South Africans insert a black man here and there to combat protests and assure the world that there's no racism in their country," says Sam Ramsamy, chairman of SANROC, a black South African living in exile in London. "It's a deliberate fraud. I think Maree is an innocent victim and will eventually find out how he has been used." In the meantime SANROC and other interest groups are determined to keep South Africa from using Maree.

Maree seems to have an understanding

of how he is being manipulated. The old notion of apartheid, that whites must only compete against whites and blacks only against blacks, is slowly crumbling. Yet Maree knows from experience that Ramsamy is right in arguing that apartheid is far from being leveled. "Before, I couldn't go to certain places in South Africa—stadiums to train, for example," Maree says. "Now I can. Black athletes can now join clubs they couldn't join before. But athletes are an elite group. Things are still the same for society as a whole. You can go to the stadium, but where do you go from there? Back to the same living conditions. What happens to your brothers, sisters and parents?"

Ramsamy suggests that there is only one solution for Maree: he should renounce his South African apartheid government and take up citizenship elsewhere. But Maree rejects that idea. Sitting in the stands as a reluctant spectator on Saturday, Maree was asked if he agreed with the IAAF and Olympic bans on South Africans. Contradicting the opinion of most track athletes, he answered, "Sports and politics do mix. I'm not for the ban, but I am for what it's trying to do."

To witness the mile he had intended to run in, Maree took a seat right at the finish line. Cummings had planned to bring the field past that point at the half mile in 1:56 by putting together back-to-back 58-second laps in the hot sun. But Cummings ran the first quarter in 57.1, a pace that obviously tired him. Cummings and Fikes held on to the lead through the half mile, but by then the pace had slowed to 1:58.2. Disappointed, Cummings pulled off the track.

In plotting his race Scott had intended to use the same tactics he had employed to win the AAU 1,500 three weeks ago. That day Scott, followed by Puig, sprinted away from the field with 700 meters to go. But Scott had also considered dropping back into the pack, where he could wait for a kicking race in the homestretch. When he heard the announcement of 1:58.2 for the half mile, Scott hesitated. "I had to make a split-second decision," he said, "and had only 10 yards to make up my mind. I took off. That was a mistake."

Scott had hoped to get away from the pack with a burst of speed. But Coghlan fell in comfortably behind him on the

backstretch, which is exactly what he had hoped to do. Walker was behind Coghlan and then came Paige Dixon had fallen back to last.

With 200 meters to go, Walker made his move, hurrying by Coghlan and closing on Scott. Coghlan didn't give chase. Instead, he simply stayed close and waited to see whom he had to beat. For a moment he thought it would be Walker, but Walker, who suffered an injury to his Achilles' tendon in May and didn't work out for four weeks, has not yet regained his full strength. When Scott withstood Walker in the final turn, Coghlan knew that Scott—not Walker—was his opposition. Coghlan passed Walker on the turn, then set his sights on Scott on the final straightaway. And as Scott later described it, "He just went wailing by."

Coghlan's 3:52.9 was his best ever outdoors. Scott finished in 3:53.4, while Walker ran 3:55, yielding third on the homestretch to Craig Masback, a Princeton graduate currently studying at Oxford, who ran a personal best of 3:54.7.

Coghlan celebrated by taking a victory lap on the track. When he returned to the finish line, he went over to the stands and extended his arms upward to Maree. Rising, the South African reached down, and they fervently clasped one another's arms. The gesture transcended the race and made the mile truly magnificent. **END**

Record holders old and new: Francine and Mary



VITO: VENI, VIDI, VICI

But for the conqueror of middleweight champ Hugo Corro there is a dubious prize: a battle with the belligerent Marvin Hagler by **JOHN UNDERWOOD**



In Europe a prefight press conference is conducted in up to three languages and consists primarily of the promoters telling the international journalists about the terrific job they—the promoters—have done bringing together these wonderful fistfighters. The promoters also explain why the fighters are wonderful. The fighters attend. They are positioned around the table like pieces of prize pottery and do their best to look menacing, or at least awake. Later they pose for pictures, taking combative stances hut, like pottery, they are required only to look good, not to speak. At a European press conference, the fighters do not confer.

Marvelous Marvin Hagler changed all that last week. Something fundamental stirred in Marvin at a press gathering before the second weekend of *Les Combats dans le Parking Lot* in Monaco. The confreres were convening this time in a gaudy tourist office in San Remo—fight promotions on the Riviera tend to meander—and suddenly Hagler was speaking his mind. If he is not the best middleweight in the world Hagler is certainly the scariest, and when he speaks everybody takes notes. Whether they understand him or not. His shaven head glistens ominously, and his baleful eyes flash.

In a kind of imperative monotone, Hagler said that the order of business was messed up. It was he, Marvelous Marvin Hagler of Brockton, Mass., who should be fighting the world champion, Argentina's Hugo Corro, and not Vito Antuofermo, the Italian-American-Italian-American who was on hand to do so.

Hagler had previously called Corro "a wussy," and Hagler's manager, Pat Petronelli, had said that Antuofermo turned down a handsome offer to fight Marvelous. Nobody wants any part of Marvin, said Petronelli. "I'm ranked No. 1," said Hagler. "I can't understand why they keep getting around me." "It's a conspiracy," said Petronelli.

Then, at the San Remo press conference disintegrated, Hagler refused to pose with his opponent, Norberto Cabrera, also of Argentina. Hagler said he

Menacing in looks and deeds, Hagler unloaded his role frustrations on hapless Norberto Cabrera

was getting mean. "It all does not shake hands with opposition and after a fight." It was an impressive psych, and it wasn't only Cabrera he was psyching. It was Horacio Cabrera, too, there to fight (and, as it turned out, knock out in less than a round) Tap Tap Mkhutini of South Africa in what promoter Bob Arum was calling "the greatest middleweight show ever." Cabrera is also Argentinian. The card was crawling with them. Apparently they all look alike to Hagler.

No matter. For fighting, Marvelous Marvin needs only a time and place, not a formal introduction. On Saturday, in the same dusty parking-lot ring that catered Heavyweight Gerrie Coetzee's coming-out party and one-round knock-out of Leon Spinks the weekend before, Hagler provided his own answer to why sensible men get around him. The claws get of the show, even though his fight was a preliminary to the televised Corro-Antuoferno fight, Hagler delivered unto Cabrera such a vast shipment of precision goods—right and left leads, right and left hooks, vicious telling uppercuts with both hands—that the conclusion was never in doubt. Cabrera's corner threw in the towel halfway through the eighth round.

Cabrera was lucky. As Hagler's 43rd victim in 46 fights, he suffered no apparent broken bones or separations of the flesh, and neither was he turned into an outpatient, as happens to many of Hagler's victims. He was left bewildered and swollen but intact.

Hagler then put on a non-menacing blue leisure suit and was at ringside with Prince Ramier and other Arum guests in the half-filled little 4,000-seat make-do arena as Antuoferno upset Corro and took his world title away. Two titles, in fact. Corro held both the WBA and WBC versions of the crown. The fight was close, the decision split. It was a mauling, artless 15 rounds that should have sent Hagler running out to celebrate. There certainly was nothing there to scare him.

Antuoferno has a divided heritage. He was born in Italy, moved to Brooklyn, went back to Italy for a time to sharpen his skills and now lives in Brooklyn again. He is a tough, bruising and aggressive fighter, a lunger who frequently glues his man to the ropes. Which is what he did to Corro. Antuoferno got away with such tactics despite the fact that he is a bleeder. His eyebrows stick out like bal-



The ever attacking Antuoferno won on a split decision over the formidable, defense-minded Corro.

conies and are crocheted with scar tissue. The only losses in his 44-3-1 record came on cuts, and while the nonaggressive Corro only nicked him, those eyebrows are like gold deposits that a puncher of Hagler's mining ability could easily exploit. Actually, Corro deserved less than he got from the officials. Judge Roland Dakin scored it 143-142 for Antuoferno, Judge Wally Thom 143-144 for Corro and Referee Ernesto Magana 146-145 for Antuoferno. Corro, whose record is now 47-3-1, politely and wisely applauded the decision.

Antuoferno said after the fight that he plans to take some time off for plastic surgery on his brows before defending his new title. He had better. His next opponent is going to be Hagler. Despite Marvelous Marvin's San Remo outburst, a petulance born of disgust over a long series of runarounds, he has been guaranteed by Arum, in writing, that the next

championship fight is his. Arum would like to stage it in the U.S., possibly in Schaefer Stadium in Foxboro, Mass., in September. Antuoferno said if he has to fight Hagler, he will. But he didn't sound crazy about the idea.

After paying all the middleweights, Arum's Top Rank still made "about \$50,000" on the card, says the promoter, thanks to an ABC-TV check. But Arum is not complaining. Hagler and Antuoferno will do well in the U.S.

And while Arum was winging off to South Africa to make arrangements for the Coetzee-John Tate WBA heavy-weight championship fight, Marvelous Marvin was packing to head for home. He had a one-line criticism of the Monaco middleweight title bout: "You call that a championship fight?" he said. You want to see a real championship fight, he indicated, just catch the big one coming up.

END

WATCH OUT! THE SKY IS FALLING

Or so it seems, so astounding has been Houston's turnaround in the NASL race

by J. D. REED

The way local sky watchers figure it, Houston is the place to be when Sky-lab falls because NASA certainly won't let it drop on headquarters. Maybe so, but as the California Surf discovered last Saturday night, Houston is not the place to be when the Hurricane is blowing. The Houston Hurricane, that is, of the North American Soccer League.

In beating the Surf 2-1 in the Astrodome, the Hurricane scored the winning goal when Defender Stewart Jump knocked a ball to the head of Finnish Midfielder Kai Haaskivi, who bounced it to Ruben Morales, who lost control of it but saw it dribble to Dale Russell, who blasted a shot past Surf Goalkeeper Dave Jokersen.

Confusing? Well, Houston has players all over the NASL scratching their heads, trying to figure out exactly how the Hurricane does it.

"What is the Hurricane?" was the plaintive question of Atlanta Director of Operations Terry Hanson when Houston



Half scoreless in Philadelphia, Hurricane Dale Russell booted the winning goal against California

beat the Chiefs 2-1 in the Astrodome two weeks ago. "They're fourth in the league, and they beat you somehow, but you don't know why. You just leave town saying, 'Who was that masked man?'"

Says a Hurricane defender, Howie Charbonneau, "We can't figure it out ourselves either."

Houston, which finished the 1978 season at 10-20, now has a 14-5 record and lurks just behind the defending champion Cosmos (15-4), Minnesota (15-5) and Tampa Bay (14-6). Undeclared at home, the Hurricane—one of the NASL's so-called disaster franchises, along with the Dallas Tornado, the Toronto Blizzard and the San Jose Earthquakes—comfortably leads the American Conference Central Division by 22 points over Chicago (10-8) and has just about clinched a playoff berth.

Houston does not play pretty soccer or even physical soccer, and the team certainly does not possess superstars of the kind that dot the Cosmos roster. The Hurricane does not display the hard-drilled technical sophistication of Minnesota or the flash and dash of Tampa Bay, but it wins. It wins because of: 1) a Finnish hockey-player-turned-soccer-coach named Timo Liekki, 2) a successful off-season campaign in the Major Indoor Soccer League and 3) a laid-back Texan approach to the game.

After last season's miserable finish, the Hurricane loaned its coach, players and, for a time, even its name—a fact that outraged the NASL—to the MISL and surprised everyone by playing a stunning brand of indoor soccer, which features six men to a side and is contested on a hockey-sized surface surrounded by boards. Summit Soccer, as the Houston team was eventually called, finished with an 18-6 record.

"That turned us around," says the 37-

Coach Liekki has borrowed tactics from hockey and basketball in devising his soccer strategies



year-old Liekoski. "Last year we sort of crawled on the field and hoped to lose by one goal and get out before anyone could remember who we were."

When he left Hoboken to attend Hartwick College, the tiny soccer power in upstate New York, Liekoski was a hockey player. But he quickly converted to soccer and was All-America in his junior year. He later coached Hartwick for three seasons (30-9-7) and then spent two years with the Tornado as assistant coach before taking the reins at Houston last season. Liekoski traded on his hockey experience to transform his soccer players into indoor artists.

"We used the boards like hockey, played point men and gave a lot of stick out there," he says. "And we took a tactic from basketball by using a zone defense to shut down passing lanes. It worked."

Houston Forward Kyle Rote believes the indoor experiences did more than just instill self-esteem in the Hurricane players. "Eight of our 11 outdoor starters played indoor, and we gained a lot of technical skills, particularly the Americans," he says. In its first 13 games, the Hurricane gave North American players—according to league rules, at least two must be on the field at all times—more playing time than 13 of the NASL's other 23 teams, and last Wednesday Liekoski played five Americans in Philadelphia.

"Americans don't see that much of the ball in the outdoor game," says Rote. "But indoors there's only six guys, and the ball comes to you a lot. You have to distribute it often and accurately. It's like playing half-court tennis and then moving back to the baseline when you go outdoors. You get tremendous confidence."

So close-knit are the easygoing Hurricane players that they even wait in their cars to sign autographs and kick a ball around when the going is slow.

"There's no big star here," Rote says. "Everybody scores." Indeed, nine of the Hurricane's 10 field players have gotten goals; reflecting the team's balance, leading scorer Eduardo Marasco has only eight goals, 12 fewer than league-leader Giorgio Chinaglia of the Cosmos.

When Houston loses, however, it really loses. Four of the Hurricane's five defeats have been by three or more goals. "We just press and press," says Liekoski. "When you're two goals down away



Houston has no big names, and leading scorer Eduardo Marasco of Argentina has just eight goals.

from home, you're supposed to sit on it. But we don't, we keep going up. If we get a goal, we'll usually win. We're not very talented playmakers, so we try to force the opponents' less-experienced players to make mistakes by giving them room and hoping they'll panic."

Like most NASL teams, the Hurricane is a polynational lot of Americans, Canadians, Finns, Germans, Argentinians and British. "I sat down with them at the beginning of the season," says Liekoski, "and told them, 'Look, we've got British, Continental, South American and U.S. styles here. We've got to work together. How can we blend the styles?' It was amazing. They all compromised, and we sort of worked it out as we go."

They worked it out again Saturday night before a small but vocal crowd of 5,945 fans. Houston scored its first goal with 11 minutes remaining in the first half. A direct shot by Jump was blocked by Jokerst, but the ball squirmed from his hands and ricocheted around the pen-

alty area for an agonizingly long time. A Surf defender unintentionally cleared it to Hurricane Midfielder Walter Schuberth, who was positioned just outside the penalty area, and he drove a hard kick over the still prone Jokerst.

The Hurricane lives up to its name in front of the goal, nevertheless, the swirl of action, confusion and erratic swoops produces goals. It's almost like watching a team of Seabees build a Quonset hut; you can't really tell what they're doing, but when they finish, it's something you can live with.

The Surf, attacking smartly, matched the Hurricane goal 22 minutes into the second half on a shot by Gerry Ingram. Finally, Russell's goal, coming only 19 minutes from the end, settled things in Houston's favor.

Afterward, Liekoski said, "I really don't know why we're any good. But we are. If you come up with the answer, let me know. Come to think of it, don't tell me. It might spoil it."

END

JACK COMES TO GRIPS WITH TOPIC A

Golf's greatest player is having a distressing season. The question that has his fans and rivals on edge is whether it is only a slump—or an irreversible slide. Here Nicklaus and others candidly speak out on the issue **by BARRY McDERMOTT**

What's wrong with Jack Nicklaus?

A little more than halfway through his 18th professional season and his 40th year, Jack Nicklaus is playing like a has-been. He has not won a tournament in almost a year, ranks 51st on the money list, where he is sandwiched between Charles Coody and Alan Tapie, and has an indecently high scoring average. This year he probably will not make the Ryder Cup team. He says he cannot putt, that his back hurts and that he keeps reading Tom Watson's name in the headlines. Even his caddie's girl friend is worried about job security. What's going on?

The simple answer is that the most difficult trick in sports is to grow old gracefully. But somehow Nicklaus seems still too young and too good to have reached that awkward stage. After all,

he won a major championship, the British Open, and earned \$256,672 on the tour just last year—an average of \$17,000 per appearance.

Last week Nicklaus was clearly unconvinced that he had come to the great divide of his career. Busy as he was, it's a wonder he had time to think about the question at all. He took a few days off with his family at their Muirfield Village Golf Club home in Dublin, Ohio, and one of his major disappointments was that he did not have time to play basketball. He got a putting lesson from Lee Trevino, addressing himself to an aspect of his game that does concern him, and deeply; practiced with his longtime tutor, Jack Grout, opened a new business; watched his sons play golf; received some advice from Arnold Palmer; booked a

football around the front yard, set a course record; and generally had the mien of a confident man.

And it is true that in the two major championships played so far this season, the Masters and the U.S. Open, Nicklaus was by no means humiliated. He finished fourth and tied for ninth, respectively. But even his most fervent well-wishers concede that his play this year has been ragged, especially in the closing rounds. In his 10 tournaments he has four times shot his worst score on Sunday, which isn't like the real Jack. In a fifth, the Tournament Players Championship, his 78 in the last round was eclipsed only by his 82 the day before.

No wonder those close to him are genuinely worried. The girl friend of Angelo Argea, Nicklaus' caddie, recently

On tour as at the Hope (left) and Bay Hill (center), his putter has consistently given Nicklaus a terrible time. Even in his strong Masters it finally betrayed him.



asked Argo what he planned to do if his boss retired. Jack's wife, Barbara, told him that if his doleful streak continued, perhaps he might be better off on the sidelines. The concern is evident in other ways. Last week, well-meaning friends kept presenting him with putters, as if they were talismans that might restore his touch on the greens.

Theories to account for his travail are legion. Quite amiably, Nicklaus examined the most plausible ones last week, and commented on them.

1. Managing his business empire takes too much time.

"I've been busy with my businesses for as long as I have played on the tour," said Nicklaus. "I enjoy what I'm doing with them. And I've really got plenty of time to do what I want to do." As he spoke, Nicklaus was wearing tennis shorts and tennis shoes, and was on his way to watch the Ohio Junior Amateur, in which his sons Jackie, 17, and Gary, 10, were playing. He did not seem rushed. "Someday I'm going to sorely miss having to putt that three-footer to win a tournament," he said. "But I'm a little luckier than most athletes in that when I make the transition from my sport I'll have something to do that I enjoy. Still, I'll hate the day when I don't have to make that putt, . . . I'd like to have that opportunity right now."

2. He is worried that his projects have overextended him financially.

"Financially I'm in better shape than I've ever been. Five, six, seven years ago, yes, I might have been overextended—perhaps extended is a better word. Muirfield [the golf and residence complex whose course he designed and in which he is a heavy investor] was a tough project. But I've been stubborn about Muirfield, and I've been stubborn about the Memorial Tournament there. And I think I'm right."

3. Age has caught up with him.

"What is too old? I've been around and playing this game on a national basis since I was 13. If you believe that everyone can play and compete for only so long, then I'm very old. But 39 in golf is not old. Hogan—good gracious, he didn't play well until he was 40. Lee Trevino got a late start. No, I'm not too old. I kid around a lot and say, 'I'm getting too old for this game.' I don't really believe that. If I did, I wouldn't say it."

4. He has lost the putting touch.

"I am having trouble putting," Jack conceded. "When that's the case you put tremendous pressure on your chipping, which always has been the weak part of my game. Frankly, my chipping and punting have been atrocious this year. But it's all in your head. You make a couple and it turns right around."

5. He is bored with the game

"I'm not bored, but I would say that I've played a long time. That theory probably would be as close as any. I'm trying to find a solution so I don't get that way. I don't want to be bored with golf. That's the reason I cut back my schedule. I want to be able to compete and be ready. One of my objectives is to

be sharp and fresh as I can when I play."

6. He does not practice enough.

"I've done the same thing for 20 years and I'm not going to change now. It's not that I'm hitting the ball poorly. I'm hitting the ball great. It's my putting."

7. Physically he is not 100%.

"My back's always given me trouble, but it's better now than it was when I was a teen-ager. People forget that I had seven injections in it by the time I was 19. As for my eyes, I've experimented with glasses, partly because we started a new eyewear company in Florida and someone talked me into trying them. I just have trouble with faraway distance on hazy days, but I don't use

continued



Barbara Nicklaus told Jack that unless he began playing better, perhaps he should stay in the gallery.



Jack Grout, Nicklaus' longtime mentor, looked closely for flaws last week on the Muirfield practice tee



In West Virginia for an exhibition with Palmer, Nicklaus traded friendly gobs with his old rival

NICKLAUS continued

my eyes to judge distance, anyway. I play from yardage."

Nicklaus has had other dead spots in his career. After setting the U.S. Open scoring record at Baltusrol in 1967, he went three years until his next major championship win in the 1970 British Open. "It was a period of apathy as much as anything," he says. And it is true that in a game in which the frustrations and the pressures are enormous, he has been competing for a long time. Nicklaus has been playing so long that his favorite leather grip no longer is manufactured.

The most insistent view is that Nicklaus does in fact devote too much time to his business interests, which include, under the corporation known as Golden Bear, shopping centers, ski resorts, cattle, a radio station and an option to buy a 50% share of the MacGregor golf equipment company, to list a few. "Every time he smiles at the Japanese, they give him a million dollars," says one of his associates.

Jack's fee for exhibitions is \$22,500, which, he says, "creates a nice cash-fill situation."

Yet Nicklaus refuses to avail himself of one option that might ease his burden. When Palmer was at the top, his business manager, Mark McCormack, essentially made the corporate decisions. Nicklaus has a lot of people working for him, but he is the Harry Truman of his organization. The buck stops at his desk. Every day he ponders problems and how to solve them, whether they concern designs for a new line of golf clubs, the streetlights at Muirfield Village or a seat on his jet plane that won't recline properly. Right now the Nicklaus organization is working on 20 golf courses. Nicklaus is designing all of them, lining out the holes in what he jokingly calls his "Katzenjammer Kads drawings."

Last week Pandel Savic, a close friend from Columbus, laid it on the line. "He has to work at golf a little more," said Savic. "Someday he'll wake up and stop kidding himself. Jack loves his business, and he's good at it, but I've told him to wait until he's 45 for that. Play five more good years. Physically he's still as good as ever. He's strong, solid. But he has to play a little more competitively to stay sharp."

Nicklaus resolutely maintains that putting is the problem. At last month's Canadian Open, Trevino advised him that his stance was fouled up, an observation recently made also by Barbara

continued

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Nicklaus. The other night Nicklaus toyed with one of his sons' putters. "It's not the putter, Dip," Barbara said.

Nicklaus laughs at the jokes, endures the advice and accepts the clubs. "I've got a lot of golf to play," he says. "Why should I be concerned? Everybody else is concerned for me. Everybody's asking me the same question. It gets to be a pain in the neck. It's a problem only if you let it be."

Of course, a victory in the British Open two weeks hence would quiet a lot of the debate. That's a tournament Nicklaus owns. He has three victories and six second-place finishes; in 17 appearances he has finished worse than fifth only three times. Nicklaus is looking forward to England.

Last week at the Ohio Junior he was licking a fever blister on his lower lip. In times of pressure, he can count on getting a fever blister. He may have professed firm confidence, but the sore on his lower lip bespoke a certain edginess.

Around him, there was a dearth of smiling faces. As Nicklaus watched Jackie and Gary compete, Savic approached him with the urgency of a man who had cracked the case. He said he had figured out that Jack's putting stance was wrong.

"Not you, too," said Nicklaus. "That's all I hear."

Back at Muirfield, Jack Groat, the silver-haired, tanned and grandfatherly pro who taught him the game as a youngster, presented Nicklaus with a putter. "I've been saving it for the day you needed it," said Groat. "It's a beauty."

"It's not the putter," said Nicklaus. "It's me."

At dusk one day Nicklaus walked onto the Muirfield practice green, carrying two putters. After missing three straight putts, he lamented, "I can't make a 12-foot uphill putt. How can you play golf if you can't make a 12-foot uphill putt?"

The next evening Nicklaus was on the course until 9:35, playing nine holes with his sons. He had yet another putter, one that Chuck Perry, his corporation's chief operating officer, had given him. During the last few holes it was so dark his sons stood behind him to track the flight of the balls.

The next day Nicklaus was on the practice teat at Muirfield, working through a bag of balls with Groat and Savic looking on. Groat agrees that Nicklaus' troubles have nothing to do with the way he

is hitting the ball. Before the U.S. Open, Jack pounded balls for hours from deep rough in the practice area. "He was hitting it perfect," says Groat, "then he got up there and couldn't putt."

Groat patiently watched shot after shot.

"Jack, you're hitting that ball good," he said.

"Every one's like that," said Nicklaus. He swung again. Even the sound suggested perfection.

"As long as I stay down, release and get my hips out of the way, all the things that you're supposed to do with a golf swing, the ball goes straight," he said.

"It always has," said Groat.

"It always has," Jack agreed.

That afternoon Nicklaus went out for a quick 18. He shot a 71, using Groat's putter on one nine. Perry's on the other.

Then he rushed off to downtown Columbus for the opening of the Jack Nicklaus auto leasing agency, a venture he has embarked upon with Bud Ewart, a friend from college. Nicklaus looked sharp in his blue suede jacket, Gucci shoes and gold Rolex watch.

The next morning Jack climbed aboard his jet at Ohio State's airport for the 30-minute trip to Morgantown, W. Va., where he was to play an exhibition round with Arnold Palmer. Before his departure he had been on the telephone to his office in North Palm Beach. "My secretary keeps telling me there are no problems," he said. "That makes me nervous."

At the Morgantown airport, Palmer was in the group awaiting Jack. Nicklaus really being paired with Palmer during the last round of the Phoenix Open in his rookie season. 1962 Palmer was winning the tournament by 12 shots when, at the 18th hole, he offered Nicklaus this advice: "C'mon, play a good hole here... and finish second." In a way it was patronizing, but Palmer was trying to be nice to a young kid. Nicklaus, however, never forgot it. He never liked to play for second place.

At a press conference preceding the exhibition, the reporters finally got around to the obvious. What's wrong with Jack's game?

"People still ask you how you play?" said Nicklaus, turning to Palmer.

"Well, they're almost through with that," Palmer said agreeably.

Nicklaus discussed his schedule with

the reporters. "I've played the same number of tournaments," he said. "You think I haven't played as much because my name hasn't been up there."

"You'll get used to that," Palmer broke in, provoking laughter.

Then Palmer reminisced about the days when people persisted in asking him why, when his game was breaking up, he couldn't find the glue with which to put it back together. "You lose the knack for scoring, which is the whole game," he said. "This is the thing that Jack will experience. You still hit the golf ball well. But you don't score. That is the difference."

Nicklaus looked intently at Palmer. One might have thought he was studying one of those three-foot putts that win tournaments.

That afternoon Nicklaus went out and shot a 67, five-under-par, to set a record on the Lakeview course. Even Palmer was impressed with the way Jack was splitting the fairways. "You really are hitting the ball better, aren't you?" he said.

Later, returning to Topic A, Palmer said, "You slowly lose it. That's the thing Jack is faced with now, and he probably doesn't even know it. But I'd like to give him fair warning. You don't know how it slips. You really don't understand why it's slipping, but it does."

What could be done? "It's tough," Palmer said, "unless you cut out all the outside stuff. I don't know if Jack is willing to do that. I tried to, but I couldn't."

Nicklaus and Palmer hurried through the banquet following the match because the runway lights at the airport weren't working and they would have to take off before darkness closed in. Before he left, Nicklaus made a short talk. His tone was serious. "I was glad to be able to come back and post a good score before my golf game totally leaves me," he said.

At the airport Nicklaus' and Palmer's jets sat side by side, their lights winking on and off. In their jackets and ties the golfers could have been any other corporation presidents hurrying home from a round of meetings. They chatted about the British Open. Nicklaus, of course, will be trying to win it. Palmer can't even bothering to go over this time.

When Palmer was at the top, Nicklaus was the one who helped push him across the divide. The golfers gazed at each other, these friends and foes of so many years' standing. Then they climbed into their airplanes and were off. **END**

LOOK THERE, LUV, IT'S YOUNG STEVIE

Now who can this young sophisticate be, at his ease in the lobby of the Chequers Hotel, Newbury, Berkshire, England, where the armchairs are deep and leathery and the walls are hung with portraits of long-dead stallions? Notice, please, the precise barbering, the suede-finished breeches, the beige sweater that whispers cashmere at 10 paces.

Ah, he has found his friends. Golf, it seems, will be their diversion this summer morning. They load their clubs into the trunk of his customized Capri. Time to be leaving for the Newbury and Crookham Golf Club, where ancient oaks shadow the greens. Nine leisurely holes before lunch. Life has many compensations these days for Steve Cauthen, Esquire, late of Walton, Ky., resident at present in Lambourn, Berks.

To anyone who had been exposed to the 1977-78 model Steve, the one that featured monosyllabic responses and a just burgeoning awareness of the social graces, the new one, completely redesigned by Robert Sangster, comes as something of a shock. As does the suggestion, to Englishmen who have known him only since last spring, that he was ever anything but urbane and outgoing.

It would be only a mild exaggeration, indeed, to say that Cauthen is America's most popular export to England since the first cartons of Spam arrived in the darkest days of World War II. Typical is a comment by a white-mustachioed ex-military gent in the royal enclosure at the recent Ascot races. "Cauthen?" he barked. "Fine young man! Fine ambassador for his country! Makes up a bit for that bloody fella McEnroe!"

Steve Cauthen has matured dramatically in his few months in England, and maybe the best witness to this is Bill Shoemaker, who was there to ride in the Epsom Derby. "Steve has grown up here," he said. "He's become a man."

Maybe it would have happened anyway in the nature of things. But this sudden maturation must also owe a lot to

the careful stage-managing and nurturing that the young jockey received from Sangster, the wealthy English horse owner who signed him to a contract reportedly worth \$400,000 to ride for him during the English flat (as opposed to steeplechasing) season running from late March to November. English jockeys do not normally have agents, but Cauthen clearly needed one. What he got was more an agent-cum-adviser and confidant: Jimmy Lindley, an ex-jockey of some repute in Europe who now writes a column for the *Daily Mail* and plays an Eddie Arcaro-like role on BBC-TV.

Lindley, a sharp, astute man, saw to it that Cauthen was taken out to dinner with such respected English jockeys as Joe Mercer and Greville Starkey, as well as Lester Piggott, possibly the world's greatest jockey and another of Sangster's riders. Piggott, Sangster says, was so alarmed at the news of Cauthen's coming that for the first time in his career he insisted on a contract himself. It gave him first pick of horses trained by Vincent O'Brien, Sangster's No. 1 trainer, leaving Cauthen to ride for Barry Hills, the junior man, so to speak, in the Sangster racing organization.

Lindley took care of such details as the hiring of Cauthen's valet, a popular ex-jockey named Des Cullen, who also attends to Piggott's riding kit. "That locked him off to a good start in the weighing rooms," says Sangster, and that good start, among fellow jockeys, was essential. When Cauthen arrived in England, there were protests from native jocks over his obtaining a work permit—some Englishmen had been refused permission to ride in the U.S. But Cauthen's entrée into the English racing world was managed so deftly that such protests were few and muted.

Sangster had another selling job to do. The English racing public had to buy Steve Cauthen, potentially a tall order. It is a highly knowledgeable public; all the newspapers, for example, devote con-

continued

Can a jockey from a Kentucky hamlet find happiness among the toffs of England? You bet your boots he can

by CLIVE GAMMON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAHAM FRILAYSON

As Cauthen gets a leg up on the social graces, top hats, like these at Ascot, become old hat



siderable, sometimes massive, spew to racing coverage, and gambling on horse racing is far more general than it is in the U.S. The lady with her hair in rollers investing a little of the housekeeping money at the corner betting shop is an archetypal figure. If Cauthen was going to progress from the suspicious appellation "That Young Yank" to a warmer "Stevie," it would be mostly on account of the lady in the betting shop.

The setting in which Cauthen was to make his debut was the April meeting at Ascot, near London, perhaps the most elegant of English racetracks. Bad going there, however, caused the racing to be transferred to Salisbury, a small country track. That Saturday, April 7, the heavens opened. A monsoon deluged the record crowd. The stewards' car bogged down in the mud. A less auspicious debut would be hard to imagine.

The outcome, though, was perfect. The vile conditions through which Cauthen brought his mount Marquee Universal to win made a better story than a first victory at prim-and-proper Ascot would have. It was a story made better still when Jimmy Lindley recounted how he had walked the track with Steve the previous Thursday and how Steve con-

centrated so hard that Lindley reckoned he was counting every blade of grass, and how on race day Steve had kept the horse "right on course with our bloody footsteps."

The media coverage was enormous. The wire-service pictures of Cauthen's mud-daubed, boyish features made short work of the betting-shop ladies, and—a lucky stroke for Cauthen's promoters—there was a perfect catchphrase at hand. In the 1920s and '30s there flourished perhaps the most popular of all English jockeys, Steve Donoghue, six times winner of The Derby and 10 times champion jockey, who, long after he had retired, would be greeted at the track with the roar of "Come on, Steve!" The day after Salisbury, at least half of Fleet Street resurrected the phrase. The English love affair with the young American had properly begun.

That love, it seems, is genuinely reciprocated. "England is small and beautiful and the whole country is just horse crazy," Cauthen says. "The fans at the races are very knowledgeable. You don't get all the boos for nothing; the fans aren't so critical." He meant mindlessly critical, thinking perhaps of the rough treatment he got from the racegoers at

Aqueduct and Santa Anita late last year and early in '79. His *amnis mirabilis* of 1977 evidently counted for naught, not to mention his Triple Crown victory in '78 on Affirmed; he was losing now and, at one point in February, he had lost 110 straight at Santa Anita.

"It's the people I love here most of all," he says. "In America I was always told that the English are hard to get close to. That's far from being true. I've never been so happy in my life."

Couldn't this infatuation with England be a reaction, though, to being rejected at home? Didn't he miss, for example, that magnificent animal Affirmed?

"I wouldn't have felt too good, would I," he concedes, "sitting there watching Affirmed with Laffit Pincay on his back." But I wish him the best. Affirmed was



the best horse I was ever on. I was sad that things went bad, but if you worry about things like that you go crazy. One thing doesn't stop your life. I haven't spoken to Laz Barrera [Affirmed's trainer] since I left California. But I sent him



On a soft day at the venerable Ninebury and Crookham Golf Club, Cauthen displays her natural swing — not always with the intended result. But when the neophyte sinks a long putt, he crows in jubilation.



flowers when he had his heart operation. I've got no hard feelings for him."

Cauthen's move to England wasn't made on the spur of the moment. Sangster wanted him long before the losing streak and long before Barrera put Pin-

cay on Affirmed. After all, this was the same teen-ager whose mounts had won a record \$6,151,750 in 1977, only his second year as a jockey. "I didn't want to come when Robert first asked me, about Derby time last year," Cauthen says. (He pronounces it "Darby," the English style, now, and doesn't feel the need to qualify it with "Epsom.") "But I had too many engagements."

Sangster takes up the tale. "Steve actually rode a winner for me at Santa Anita when he was still 16. I had always been impressed with him. Then, last January, I was in a hotel in Los Angeles, lying in bed reading a magazine there was a piece about his run of bad luck. So I called my L.A. agent 'Try Steve at the races.' I said, 'See if he

will come over for a year. He might be a little depressed.'"

Sangster did his best to assure that Cauthen wouldn't be depressed in England. Perhaps Sangster had seen something in the young man that hadn't been spotted by anyone earlier—a propensity for the social graces—and it was not long before Steve was tossed in at the deep end, at a country house party, no less, given at York by Sir Timothy Kitson, M.P. for Richmond, Yorkshare. Steve took to the scene immediately, says Sangster, sitting in his tuxedo after dinner, sipping port with the gentlemen when the ladies had retired, playing tennis and golf.

Above all, suddenly he was winning races again, not only in England but also in Germany and Italy. He celebrated his

(continued)



Racing on the rail: Cauthen, who has studied the English venues intently, takes a second at York

CAUTHEN *Continued*

19th birthday on May 1 by riding three winners at Bremen.

Cauthen has a ready answer when asked about the difficulties the unfamiliar tracks must have caused him. "I've thought all about that," he says, "but see now, I've ridden all my life, I started out riding the hillsides of Kentucky. You can ride a horse wherever he'll go, can't you? There was no reason I shouldn't adapt."

The truth is a little more complex, however. What Cauthen has done in Europe is to apply himself meticulously to research. Each time he encounters a new track he studies it at close quarters. After Cauthen's first English meeting, Richard Baerlein, the respected racing correspondent of *The Guardian*, wrote, "Cauthen is a maker of horses, not just a rider of winners." Obviously, the most impressive thing about the American is his professionalism.

George Ennor, president of the Horserace Writers' Association in England, cites two of Cauthen's early races as particular examples of his consummate professionalism. One was a comparatively unimportant race at the Epsom spring meeting on April 26. Three horses were involved and one of them didn't count for much. The race came down to Lester Piggot on Armistice Day and Cauthen on Joleg.

"Cauthen led at no particular speed for about five furlongs," Ennor says.

"Then, at the top of the hill, Lester went to the front, on the outside, and immediately went straight across Steve, did his best to stop him there. Typical piece of Lester gamesmanship. They turned for home, three furlongs to go, Lester a length and a half in front. Obviously, Steve started to try and go inside him, and Lester whizzed back across and shut him off again. But Steve stayed cool; he knew he couldn't get too close or he was going to get stopped. A furlong and a half from home, Steve moved right outside, lugged on hard and beat him. Sounds simple, but he could have easily been flummoxed by a typical crafty Piggot maneuver."

The other race was at Newmarket, the

Prince of Wales Stakes, with Cauthen riding Hawaiian Sound (on which Shoemaker had come close to winning the Epsom Derby last year). Two furlongs after the start Cauthen's saddle slipped. "He's got nine furlongs to go across the flat, dead straight," Ennor says, "and he's halfway up the neck of this horse. Not only did he keep the horse in balance and himself totally calm, but he also won the race."

The final confirmation to the English racegoer that Cauthen was not just a reputation came on May 5, a few hours before Spectacular Bid won the Kentucky Derby. That was in the 2,000 Guineas at Newmarket, the first race of the English Triple Crown, with the American on a 20-to-1 chance, Tap On Wood, and up against two of England's best jockeys, Mercer and Starkey. Cauthen held well off until two furlongs from home, when he went after the leader, Kris, with Mercer aboard. He pushed his horse a nose ahead of Mercer's, then Starkey on Young Generation pulled around both. It looked to be over, but, switching his whip to his left hand, Cauthen moved again, drove hard and straight the last hundred yards and won by half a length.

A month ahead was The Derby, the 200th running of the world's greatest race, the richest for thoroughbreds ever to be run—\$532,098 in prize money and \$317,198.80 for the winner.

Before the big race Cauthen seemed to have three rides from which to choose—on the Guineas winner, Tap On



At Newbury the young sophisticate pours some champagne for his agent, shrewd Jimmy Lindsay

Wood, on Craeval, or on Two Of Diamonds, all horses from Hills' stables at Lambourn, none of them belonging to Sangster. There was much heart-searching. Tap On Wood might have seemed the obvious one, but the Guineas was over a mile. The Derby is a mile and a half. There were doubts as to Tap On Wood's ability to "do the trip," as English horsemen say.

Meantime there had been yet another accolade for Cauthen—of a kind. He had become the subject of a spoof series in the English satirical weekly *Private Eye*. The series was called "A Yank at Ascot." It featured "Ex-hill-hilly, 18-year-old Steve Fourthon, winning jockey on the boobyfied nag at Cumpdown Races," imported, of course, by Bob Gangster. It hinted at champagne parties and other wild doings, and finally married "Fourthon" off to 17-year-old Maureen Piggett, the great jockey's daughter.

Cauthen, in fact, had not yet met Maureen when the series appeared. Oddly, on Derby night he did—Sangster had taken a private room at Annabel's, the well-known London nightclub, possibly with a celebration in mind. Maureen and Steve danced the night away, but there was no celebration. Tap On Wood, which Cauthen had elected to ride, had come in 12th, never making any kind of show.

But even with The Derby chance gone, there were still peaks to be scaled for Cauthen in the English racing season, notably the Royal Ascot meeting in June. No single race at Ascot was as important as The Derby, but the program as a whole is impressive—almost every race a stakes. To be top jockey at Royal Ascot, which runs over four days, is an important achievement in itself—bookies lay odds on it. When Steve first arrived, the bookies had quoted odds on the number of winners he would ride through the English season. You could get 100 to 1 on his scoring a prodigious 150 wins, 33 to 1 on 10 or fewer and, of course, graduated odds on other totals. As of last weekend he had 22 winners.

In the interim between The Derby and Ascot, though, Cauthen seemed to lose momentum. At one point he had 25 rides without a winner. Was it possible that another California losing streak was going to hit him? Rumor was rife, but, as was not the case in California, where every kind of speculation was voiced, it boiled down to one thing.

Stables in England this year have been

badly affected by a virus, a sort of equine flu, which is uncommonly hard to detect until a horse actually puts on a below-par performance on the track. O'Brien's stables in Ireland had been hit early on. Was it possible that Hills' 120-strong string had also been affected?

Up until Ascot, however, Hills himself said only that his horses "hadn't been going well." Nevertheless, fewer were going to the post. Because almost all of Cauthen's rides were on Hills' horses, it meant that he had been failing to score also. Significantly, the racing public in England took this into account. There was no sign of a Cauthen with-hunt.

At home near Newbury, in the cottage where he now lives (with a housekeeper and a full-time secretary), Cauthen took the reversal in his fortunes calmly. With fewer mounts to ride, Cauthen had time to improve his golf, a game that fascinates him although he has played it no more than half a dozen times. He doesn't suffer from mock modesty over it, either. He took some lessons from a pro, he'll tell you, at the Sunningdale course in England, and what should the pro discover but that he has a natural swing and should take no more lessons for a while, to allow it to develop.

Now at the Newbury and Crookham course the clubs came out of the customized Capri and, though it was raining, Cauthen played a foursome with English jockeys Phillip Waldron, Paul Cook and Bob Street. Steve's first try at a drive gouged out a large chunk of raw Berkshire, which he replaced before slicing his second shot. "You nearly got 'old of that," Cook told him sarcastically. But his game improved. It included one implausible 35-foot putt that sent him leaping in the air with delight.

Playing through the rain with stoicism worthy of an Englishman, he put his next drive deep into the oak jungle. At lunch an hour later in a Newbury restaurant called The Sapien Pig, Cauthen nevertheless proffered advice to Street: "Bob, you get too tense, you don't swing back far enough."

Cauthen ordered Bollinger champagne, but the sophistication slipped a little when the waiter suggested he might like a course *pâté* of veal and pork for a beginning, or possibly the avocado stuffed with anchovy and sour cream.

"You got a tossed salad?" Steve asked. "Could you put some chunks of cheese on it?"

Maybe this had something to do with a concern about weight. One of the question marks over Cauthen's racing in the U.S. was his weight gain to 112 pounds. He insists that his weight is a stable 107, but this does not match up with the entries in the English form books, which seem to indicate that 112 is as low as he can get now.

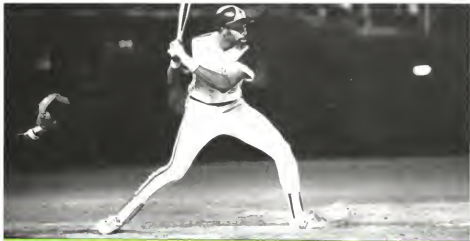
From food the talk went back to racing. English racing, and the question that everybody brings up—what it takes to adapt to English tracks. "Look," Cauthen said, "in America you have to adapt yourself to different tracks. You have to change your methods for a mile race as opposed to one at a mile and a half. Perfect example is what happened to Ronnie Franklin in the Belmont. He moved where he would have on a mile track, but he should have moved about two furlongs further out."

What struck Steve most of all when he went to England was the difference in training sessions. English trainers have private stables far removed from the tracks, and their horses train on gallops near home, not on the tracks themselves. Hills' horses exercise on the Berkshire Downs, rolling grassy hills of unspoiled beauty. "Oh, it's so different," Cauthen said. "That's part of the beauty of it. The first morning I rode out, there was a bit of a mist; it was eerie—60 horses in one string, walking across the ridge on a misty morning with a bit of sun. It looked so beautiful. I ride out twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays, and I ride out other days because I love it."

So he might be returning to England? Cauthen answered firmly, "I'm going to be back here next year." In the five-month off-season in English racing, he will do as most English jockeys do—travel East. To begin with, he'll ride in Japan. Then, maybe, Australia. He wants a month at home, on his parents' farm. Then maybe a month's riding at Santa Anita before he heads back to Lambourn and Barry Hills.

But next on the program was Ascot, and a sad one it turned out for both Hills and Cauthen. No winners. On Ascot's last day, there was an announcement that Hills was temporarily closing his Lambourn Stables. "My horses have respiratory troubles," he conceded.

And so the rumors had been right. It was a pity that Steve Cauthen's explosive start in England couldn't keep right on crackling, but what a time he's had. **END**



GOOD HIT, BETTER MAN



What can I say," Al Frohman is saying. "He's my son." Frohman is maybe 5' 7" and Jewish, a New Yorker transplanted—nay converted—to Southern California. His alleged offspring stands a little way off on a rise overlooking rich brown valley land north of San Diego. He is 6' 6", black and a native of St. Paul, who has embraced and been embraced by his adopted city, San Diego. "It looks good, Al," he calls over to Frohman. "Very good."

"The land runs from the road back there all the way to the water, Dave," says Frohman. "I think it'll work."

Dave Winfield, star outfielder of the San Diego Padres, nods in agreement and

Dave Winfield's bat is mighty, and so is his heart. The two have established him as San Diego's favorite son
by RON FIMRITE

rejoins Frohman, who is his representative in numerous enterprises and a father in spirit, if not in fact.

"This idea is too good to let die," Winfield says, arranging his long frame inside his silver Mercedes 450 SEL. "I'm persistent. I'm going to do it, and if I can't do it all at once, I'll do it in portions. But I'll do it."

Frohman turns to a stranger. "Dave has a dream," he says confidentially.

Winfield's dream is Superstar Village, a sports and health resort for "all the family at affordable prices," where famous professional athletes from various sports will be experts-in-residence. Prominent physicians and nutritionists will also be on hand to lead the guests along the straight and narrow path to what the prospective founder defines as "optimal health." Winfield envisions a complex situated on some 200 acres of land very much like that which he scouted with Frohman this day. The cost has been estimated at \$40 million, money Winfield, with help from Frohman and other associates, would personally raise. It is a

dream that may sound like pie in the sky, but so have various other Winfield projects—virtually all of them of a charitable nature—and he has brought each to fruition. Winfield is just now emerging as the superstar on the diamond he has long considered himself to be, but he has been one off it for some time.

For the past three seasons he has provided free tickets for underprivileged children to the Winfield Pavilion in the rightfield bleachers at San Diego Stadium. By the end of this season some 14,000 youngsters will have gone to ball games through his generosity. Last year Winfield, a bachelor, entertained 15,000 children at a gigantic party before the All-Star Game in San Diego. He will toss an even bigger one the day before this year's game in Seattle, busing his staff of volunteers up from San Diego to help serve the refreshments. Each year he provides \$1,000 scholarships to a boy and a girl student-athlete in St. Paul. He is active in alumni affairs at his alma mater, the University of Minnesota, and he helps promote projects of the Urban League and the San Diego Convention and Visitors Bureau. And he is planning, under the auspices of the David M. Winfield Foundation for Underprivileged Children, to hold Winfield Pavilion Days for children in New York and Los Angeles. Any money he gets for endorsements or commercials is donated to the foundation to help finance other such philanthropic ventures.

"When I first signed to play major league baseball, I said I would allocate a certain number of dollars to community affairs," Winfield says. "Baseball has been good to me. I want to give something back to draw the various elements of the game—players, fans, owners—together. The image of the pro athlete—greedy, self-serving, interested only in himself—has gotten out of hand. A lot of us are working to dispel that image. We're not all like that."

Maybe not, but many have gone as far as Winfield has in the bad-image-dispelling league. And lest he be dismissed as a simple do-gooder, a saintly soul with bowed head and lowered voice, it should be noted that there is another Winfield, a brash young man of 27 whose assessment of his own prowess on the ball field borders on braggadocio. "He's

a junior Reggie Jackson," says teammate Jerry Turner. Except that he's having a better year than Jackson, or almost anyone else around. Winfield ranks among the National League's top 10 in every important offensive category. His batting average of .330 is fifth in the league. He is sixth in hits with 95, second in runs with 43, seventh in homers with 15 and third in runs batted in with 55. These statistics are even more remarkable when it is considered that Winfield, who now bats third in the Padre order, is normally preceded at the plate by Ozzie Smith, a .181 hitter, and followed by Turner, whose .273 average is the next highest on the team. As a result, Winfield seldom sees a good pitch.

That he should have so many RBIs for a team that rarely has runners in scoring position is a measure of his capacity for making the most of his meager opportunities. Manager Roger Craig moved Winfield from cleanup to third in the order late in May when it was discovered he was leading off innings about 35% of the time. He instantly responded with 26 RBIs in 33 games from the time of the switch through last week. Winfield hated in 97 runs last year and 92 the year before and has his best chance yet of reaching 100 this year. But he rails at the injustice of lesser batters benefiting from more productive batting orders. "Butch Hobson can drive in 100 runs batting ninth," he laments. "I can't do it batting fourth."

That isn't all a player as ambitious as Winfield must endure on a team as perennially unsuccessful as the Padres. He is seldom seen on national television because the Padres rarely appear on *The Game of the Week* or *Monday Night Baseball*, so Winfield may be forgiven for blowing his own horn when scarcely anyone else is playing his tune. But even in the days when he was a player of mostly unrealized potential, he felt called upon to caution skeptics that superstardom was just around the corner for him. "I kept telling these guys [his teammates] how good I was," he said in the Padre clubhouse not long ago. "Now they have to read it in the papers to believe me." But even his most outrageous boasts—and they do not seem so outrageous now—have been leavened with humor. Winfield is such a disarmingly handsome

continued

Before crushing another ball, Winfield visits a few of the 14,000 fans to whom he has given tickets

affable, well-intentioned, basically ingenious man that only a confirmed misanthrope could deny him an occasional sally into self-advertisement.

Winfield is also capable of honest self-appraisal. "I'm famous for my half-seasons," he has said. Indeed, until last year, his seasons had taken on a certain disappointing predictability: he would start like a house afire and burn out well before the end. In 1975 he hit .280, with nine homers and 43 RBIs in the first half of the season and .255 with six homers and 33 RBIs in the second. In '76 it was .292, 12 and 50 for openers, and .270, 1 and 19 for closers (partially forgivable because he missed much of the last month with a leg injury), and in '77 he was .296, 21 and 70 and then .239, 4 and 22. Only last year did he show any staying power, hitting .302 with 15 homers and 59 RBIs in the first half and .315 with nine and 38 the second. The late-season slumps, Winfield realizes now, were the result of a failure to concentrate and to motivate himself. By July of most seasons, the Padres were well out of contention, so Winfield had little but personal pride to spur him on. Last year the team finished strong, but Winfield insists that his self-motivation was such that even if the Padres had gone into their customary swoon, he would have maintained his pace.

"Two years ago I resolved the technical part of hitting," Winfield says. "Last year I resolved the mental part. You watch a guy like Pete Rose—his concentration lasts from April 1 to Oct. 1 and beyond. He's good all the time. So are Steve Garvey and Dave Parker. They are there constantly. It's a matter of telling yourself that you, too, are there, that you are one of the best. The total concentration is with me now. It's a matter of how bad you want it. I want it. I'd look back on those other years and say I could've done better. Now I know how to hit .300. I've done it. I've become pretty much of a student of the game. I know now it is within me to be one of the best in baseball. People may think this is just another streak, but just wait until the end of the year. I'll never even fall off to .308 [his average last season]."

Winfield has become such a prodigious hitter—even his longest homers seem to be line drives—that his considerable defensive ability is frequently overlooked. But he has excellent range, and his throwing arm, once merely strong, is now one

of the most feared. Twice in one game with Pittsburgh in June, his powerful throws from rightfield held Willie Stargell to singles on balls hit down the line and against the fence. After the first, Stargell shook his fist in mock fury at Winfield, after the second, he called time and walked partway into the outfield to complain. Two days later Stargell approached Winfield during batting practice. "Here I am trying to make a living, an oldtimer like me," he told a giggling Winfield, "and you are out there whirling around. I think you should be sent down to the minors to learn a few things."

It's a familiar joke, because Winfield has never played an inning of minor league ball. He was signed by the Padres immediately after the 1973 College World Series in which, pitching and playing the outfield, he was named the Most Valuable Player, though Minnesota was beaten by USC in the final game. "He was the best athlete I'd seen in all my life," says Don Williams, a Padre coach now, but then a scout. "A lot of teams liked him as a pitcher, and I think Dave could have made it either way, but we saw him as an every-day player. He had such raw ability, he could've made it in any professional sport."

In fact, Winfield was drafted by four pro teams in three sports—the Padres, the NFL Minnesota Vikings, the NBA Atlanta Hawks and the ABA Utah Stars. He played neither high school nor college football, but the Vikings, impressed by his speed, size and agility, saw him as a potential receiver. Winfield was a brilliant rebounder and defensive forward on the Golden Gophers' basketball teams that won the Big Ten Championship in his junior year and barely missed the title the next season. But from the time he was in kindergarten in St. Paul, he says, he wanted to become a major league baseball player, an ambition vigorously supported by his mother. Arlene, who raised Dave and his older brother, Stephen, pretty much alone after being divorced from their father. "He's got one of the best mothers in the world," says Williams, who is eternally grateful for her advocacy of baseball over the other pro sports Winfield might have elected to play.

It's possible that Winfield became a big-leaguer before his time. Within a week of the College World Series, he was

in the outfield for the Padres. He hit safely in his first six games and fooled himself into thinking, "This isn't so bad." But deep down he knew he wasn't ready. "I didn't know anything about the National League," he recalls. "I was seeing pitches I'd never seen before. I was playing in a ball park the size of an airport. I'd get my legs all tangled up in the outfield. I was holding my hands too low on the bat. I was hitching my swing, over-riding, overwinging. I'd been a pitcher. Now I was an outfielder. I was thrown into a sink-or-swim situation. I learned to swim the hard way."

His great size proved to be something of a disadvantage, too, because there were those in the Padre organization who thought of him exclusively as a power hitter. Winfield disagreed. "I decided I was going to be a line-drive hitter, and I consider myself one of the best at it now," he says. "I've learned to hit to all fields."

Much to his annoyance, Winfield was recently thrust into a long-ball-hitting contest with Chicago's mighty Dave Kingman, the league's home run leader, and Hall of Famers Willie Mays and Eddie Mathews. "Some people dropped out so the club asked me to fill in," Winfield said. "What could I do? The trouble is, in this kind of thing, you have to pull the ball, and I want to work on going the other way."

Winfield did just that, hitting balls into the right and centerfield bleachers. He and Kingman each finished the competition with five homers, but Winfield was declared the winner because he had hit one near-miss high off the wall in leftfield. The contest may not have been his style, but he established that he could swing for distance with the best. Unfortunately, in that night's loss to the Cubs, he scratched out only one infield single in four at bats. He seemed displeased afterward, shaking his head in a "what-did-I-tell-you" manner. The long-ball contest had not been good for him. "I just want to say that it will be continued—everything, my hitting, my life, my progress, my involvement. It will be continued."

Frohm was waiting outside the clubhouse. He had that conspiratorial look on his sorrowful face. "I'll tell you something," he said in a whisper, while his eyes sought out eavesdroppers. "He's a little down now, but you can count on this: he'll win the batting title." And Frohm smiled the smile of an insider, a proud papa *manqué*. END

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There was laughter in the Philadelphia Phillies locker room on the afternoon of May 17, and why not? The Phils had just beaten the Cubs at Chicago's Wrigley Field in the most ridiculous game of this and many other seasons. Philadelphia gave up 22 runs but scored 23 to win a squeaker in 10 innings. The Phils got 24 hits, five of them home runs, seven of them doubles. They led by seven runs before the Cubs came to bat by nine after three innings and by a 21-9 score after 4½ innings. But the Cubs kept hacking away and finally tied the score 22-22 in the eighth. Mike Schmidt's home run in the top of the 10th brought a merciful end to the travesty. All's well that ends well, right?

Not exactly. As a matter of fact, not everyone in the Phils' locker room was cheering after the game was over. Sure, Larry Bowa, with his five hits, was, and so was Bob Boone, with his five runs batted in. But over there in the corner, pitchers Randy Lerch, Doug Bird, Tug McGraw and Ron Reed were looking shell-shocked. They gave up 26 hits, six of them home runs—Dave Kingman had three of them—and their combined earned run average ballooned from 2.88 to 4.21. The battered Phils' pitching staff has not been the same since that historic victory. As a matter of fact, neither has the rest of the team, which evidently left a wake-up call for July.

As the Phils departed Chicago for a three-game home series against Montreal, they led the National League East by four games, their record being a gaudy 24-10, good for a .706 percentage. Last week they limped back into Chicago for the first time since The Game. In the five intervening weeks, Philadelphia lost 23 of 35 games—including eight of nine to Montreal, which is now in first place—and had gone into such a decline that when the Phils lost two of last week's three games with the Cubs they fell to fifth place in the division, seven games behind the Expos and only 6½ ahead of the last-place Mets.

The Phillies' tailspin started largely as the result of injuries to key players, but by the time they reached Chicago almost

Battle won, war lost

The Phils beat the Cubs in a donnybrook in May, whereupon they dropped dead

everyone was healthy again and the team was playing worse, not better. Philadelphia was in desperate trouble, in real danger of losing contact with Montreal in a division the Phils have won three seasons in a row. "Everything is temporary," said Third Baseman Mike Schmidt limply during the series in Chicago. "If we are the cream, we will rise to the top." Having said that, Schmidt and his mates went out and lost 11-4 to the Cubs, giving up 17 hits.

Pitching, especially the bullpen variety, has most often been the Phils' telling shortcoming of late. "It seems like we've been getting to the sixth or seventh inning O.K.," says Manager Danny Ozark. "Then our pitching goes south on us." Ozark blames most of the pitching problems on the loss of Second Baseman

Manny Trillo, out for six weeks with a fractured left forearm and Shortstop Larry Bowa, who broke his right thumb and missed 16 games. "When you lose two defensive infielders of that caliber, the pitchers have a tendency to get too fine around the plate," says Ozark. "And once you start getting behind in the count to major league hitters, you're in deep trouble."

Righthander Dick Ruthven, who had jumped off to a 6-0 start, pitched for a month with a pulled groin muscle—his record dropped to 6-4 during that span—before finally admitting he was hurt. After sitting out 10 days, he came back last week and helped the Phils win 5-3 for their lone victory over the Cubs. Nino Espinosa, another righty, saw his record fall from 5-2 to 6-7, but it was hardly all Espinosa's fault; the Phillies were shut out in three of his starts. And Reliever Ron Reed, who had a league-leading 0.43 ERA before the 23-22 game, now has an ERA of 4.41. Things got so bad for Reed at one point that he experimented pitching sidearm for several turns. It didn't help.

"It's been a real team effort," says Boone. "One day we get good pitching and we don't hit, then the next day it's just the opposite. It's like being knee-deep in quicksand—the harder you run

(continued)

PHILADELPHIA	7	0	8	2	4	0	1	0	0	23
CUBS	6	0	0	3	7	3	0	3	0	22
SAN DIEGO	NO									
CINCINNATI	GAME									
SAN FRANCISCO	NITE									
HOUSTON	GAME									
P INNING	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10

The Wrigley Field scoreboard on May 17—minus the 10th inning run—was Philly's high-water mark.

to get out of it, the deeper you sink."

The Phillies hit rock bottom without Bowa, upon whom they rely for .300 hitting as well as brilliance afield. With Bowa in absentia from May 23 through June 8, they were 3-13. "When we lost Bowa and Trillo we lost our momentum," says First Baseman Pete Rose, "and we haven't been able to get it back, even with our lineup intact."

One of the things that have surprised Rose most, and the thing that was never supposed to happen on a team with so many Roman candles like Bowa and Rose, is the fizzed-out look the Phillies have had for almost a month. "I run out to first base when we're taking the field," says Rose, "and I have to stand out there two minutes before I have anybody to throw to. Maybe the Phillies were always that way, but they ran out on the field when I first joined the club. I still run to my position."

Bowa, who may like to lose even less than Rose, is plainly mystified by the slump. "I've never seen one go on this long with this much talent," he says. "Nobody seems to know what to do. If you have a headache you take two aspirin and go to bed. What do you take for a slump?"

The Phillies have one of the oldest—they would say "most experienced"—starting lineups in baseball, but no one is ready to say they are too old. And certainly no one is ready to concede that the Phils might not be as good as everyone expected them to be. "I think the realization is just beginning to set in on them that they're not really that bad," says Jayson Stark of *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. "Everything that could possibly go wrong has."

"If you had seen all the bad hops, bloop hits and freak plays that have beaten us in the last month, you'd think we were snakebit," says Ozark, whose job now appears safe after a spate of rumors that he was about to be canned.

Considering how badly they have played, the Phillies could be described as being charmed, not snakebit. In their last 41 games they have left 308 runners on base—or an average of 7.5 a game—while the Expos have stranded only 5.9. They were shut out in four of their eight consecutive losses to Montreal, and while they were going into their Famous Phallobulous Pholding Phillies act, the Expos were on a 20-12 tear.

"The way we've been playing," says

Bowa, "we're very lucky to be no farther back than seven or eight games. It could be a lot worse."

Ozark, meanwhile, is already preparing for the long chase ahead, the first for the Phillies since they fell 8½ games behind in mid-June of 1977 and came on to win the division title. "I don't think about how far down we are," he says. "I think about how many games there are left to play. And I think now it's our turn."

THE WEEK

(June 24-30)

by MIKE DELNAGRO

NL EAST While Chicago (3-2) and Philadelphia (4-3) were having a rematch at Wrigley Field, Montreal (4-3) quietly surged to a 6½-game lead, mainly because it swept three of four games from struggling St. Louis (2-6). Two wins were noteworthy. One came like lightning when, on the second pitch of a 2-2 game suspended in the 11th inning last May, Warren Cromarte clabbled a home run. Pitcher Ross Grimsley clinched the other game, 5-3, by squibbling a two-run single off the end of his bat just Pitcher John Denny. For Grimsley, the hit was his sixth in his last 13 at bats and the victory his fourth straight, boosting his record to 8-4, best on the Expo staff. Right-fielder Ellis Valentine chose to sit seven consecutive games because of soreness in his buttocks, an ailment for which teammates displayed minute sympathy. Quipped one, "Whatever he's got is contagious, because he's giving everyone a pain there."

St. Louis tumbled from second place to fifth, and things got doubly grim when it was learned that Ted Simmons, batting .321 with 18 homers and 52 RBIs, had broken a wristbone when hit by a foul tip and will miss six weeks. One bright note was Silvio Martinez who fanned seven batters, walked none and set down 21 Expos in a row in a 5-0 one-hitter. Martinez had a no-hitter until Duffy Dyer lined a punch over the head of First Baseman Keith Hernandez and into rightfield with two out in the eighth. "I hit it where no one happened to be," Dyer said. "That's smart hitting."

A torrent of home runs and a nifty five-hit shutout win over Pittsburgh by Rick Reuschel helped catapult the Cubs into fourth place, half a game out of second. Pitcher Mike Krukow cracked his first big league homer to help rout the Phillies 11-4; streaking Dave Kingman rapped out home runs No. 26 and 27; and Mike Vail, platooning as rightfield now that Bobby Murcer has been traded to the Yankees, unloaded a grand

slam against the Mets. But the swattingest Cubbie of all was Centerfielder Jerry Martin, who hit shots out of the park in four consecutive games.

The Pirates (3-5), whose spirits had been sent soaring by their first successful West Coast trip in five years, returned home—and lost three of four. Dave Parker had six hits in 30 at bats, Willie Stargell did little but nurse a bruised hip, and Ed Ott, who homered in a 12-9 loss to New York, had just one other hit in 15 trips to the plate. But Bill Robinson did smash three home runs—he now has 18—and two of them led to victories, 2-1 over New York and 6-5 over Montreal. Better yet, the Pirates shellacked San Francisco off the field, trading for Pitcher Dave Roberts and Infielder Bill Madlock, the 28-year-old two-time batting champ whose career .325 average is unsurpassed in the league. The Giants recovered two minor-leaguers and Pitcher Ed Whitson, who was 3-2 and had a 4.34 ERA upon arrival and was promptly pruned for two runs and a loss in his San Francisco debut. "For our two guys," complained Third Baseman Darrell Evans, "they should've got a 20-game winner."

The Mets (5-2) flashed un-celtarlike brilliance as Pete Falcone defeated Pittsburgh 4-0 for his first complete game since May 1977 and Andy Hassler, acquired recently from Boston, got his first National League victory, 6-2 over the Cards. Even more luminous were John Stearns (11 hits in 31 at bats), Joel Youngblood (11 for 29) and Lee Mazzilli, who bashed out eight hits in 20 at bats to lift his average to .337. In beating the Cubs 9-8, New York exploded for six runs in the top of the 11th and then barely hung on as Chicago scored five. The 11-run 11th broke a 93-year-old league record.

**MONT 43-27 PIT 37-34 PHIL 39-36
CHIC 35-33 STL 36-34 NY 30-39**

NL WEST Escorted by two high-way-patrol officers on motorcycles, an armored truck bearing a rather large Styrofoam egg rolled across rightfield at San Diego Stadium toward the infield. The convoy stopped, and half a dozen Padres gingerly lifted the egg and rolled it to third base. Suddenly the egg hatched, and out popped none other than Ted Giannoulas, formerly the KGB Chicken but this time attired in a somewhat different ornithological costume. Giannoulas, who lost his right to wear the chicken getup after a legal battle with his former employers at radio station KGB, was given a standing ovation by 47,022 fans. The players had another egg that night, losing to Houston 4-1, but San Diego (3-5) still moved into fourth place ahead of the slumping Dodgers by taking two of three from Atlanta. John D'Aquino made a grand entrance himself, relieving starter Eric Rasmussen in the second inning and going 7½ innings in a 6-5

win over the Braves. Phil Niekro's bases-loaded walk to Keri Bevacqua on the bottom of the ninth had given the Padres a 2-1 victory the day before.

"There are the Braves?" asked Tommy Lasorda. "I thought they were the '77 Yankees." The Los Angeles manager had a point, considering that the Braves (5-3) beat the Dodgers (11-6) three times. Red Manula defeated the National League champs twice, pitching his first complete game in a 4-2 win and later getting credit for a 5-2 victory. By the end of the week, only one game separated last-place Atlanta from Los Angeles, which suffered through a four-night spell in which it scored only five runs. The lone Dodgers victory, 4-3 over San Diego, came on Joe Ferguson's two-run homer with one out in the bottom of the ninth.

Houston (6-2), the youngest team in the league, increased its division lead to 6½ games with the help of 36-year-old Player-Coach Jesus Alou. Bating only 953, Alou was sent in to pinch-hit in the eighth inning against the Reds with the score tied 5-5 and lined a game-winning double. Joaquin Andujar went the distance twice against the Padres, winning by identical 4-1 scores, and J. R. Richard and Randy Niemann also had complete-game victories.

The Reds (5-3) were buoyed by the hitting of George Foster, who had four homers and batted .367, and the pitching of Tom Seaver, who went 7½ innings in a 2-1 win over Houston and all the way in a two-hit victory over the Giants. "Seaver was painting out there," said San Francisco's Bill North. "A little Da Vinci. A little Michelangelo." Color the Giant (3-4) injury-riddled pitching staff blue. To brighten things up, they not only traded unhappy Bill Madlock to the Pirates for three pitchers, but also got Pedro Borbon from the Reds for Outfielder Heity Cruz. Borbon's pining words to the Reds were, "I'm going to call my voodoo out and put it on Cincinnati." Sure enough, the Giants beat the Reds 6-4 on a pair of bloop hits and a bad-hop single, and Borbon got credit for the win.

HOUS 49-31 CIN 41-36 SF 38-30
SDS 35-46 LA 33-46 ATL 31-46

AL WEST With California (2-4) at bat and trailing Texas (7-0) by 12 runs in the fourth inning, the phone rang in the Angel dugout and trainer Rich Smith answered it. "Somebody's going down," mumbled a voice, apparently from the Ranger dugout. An instant earlier, Ranger first baseman Pat Putsman had been beaned. Now to the plate stepped California's Dan Ford—and whoosh!—the first pitch from Ferguson Jenkins sailed behind Ford's head. "The hitters do the job," said Jenkins after Texas had won 14-4. "If you don't protect your own guys, they'll quit on

you." By winning all their games, against California and Oakland, the Rangers shot from third place to first. Reliever Jim Kern whiffed seven batters and yielded no runs in 7½ innings to earn three saves and his 10th win, while lowering his league-leading ERA to 1.46. "First place right now isn't a big deal," Kern philosophized. "It's like getting ready to lose before even talking to the press."

Meanwhile, the other three contenders hung tough. For California that 14-4 defeat stretched its losing streak to seven games, a skid that obliterated a comfortable five-game division lead and dropped the Angels to second place. But they recovered by whipping Kansas City (14-2) twice, the first time on an 11th-inning RBI single by Brian Downing, a 351 hitter.

Until then, the third-place Royals had won six straight—including an uplifting 5-2 triumph over California in which Dennis Leonard, making his first start since suffering an inflamed elbow on May 24, pitched a three-hitter. Minnesota (5-2) stranded 15 base runs, five shy of the major league record, in a 6-5 loss to Milwaukee, but the Twins maintained the pace, thanks in good part to Roy Smalley's torrid hitting and a four-game sweep of Chicago in which Jerry Knorrman snapped a personal six-game losing streak and got two seven-hit victories.

Reliever Shane Rawley of Seattle (3-3) figured in all three Mariner victories, earning two saves and a win by allowing no runs during his 4½ innings. But in celebrating in a pub following a 3-2 defeat of the Brewers, Rawley tried to break up a brawl in which his father and brother had been set upon by a gang of youths, threw a punch and fractured a bone in his punching hand. He will be out for six to eight weeks. Meanwhile, Third Baseman Dan Meyer hit safely in every game, stretching his hitting streak to 21 games, matching the league's longest this season.

Oakland (0-7) squandered leads in four games, but Ross Baumgarten and Steve Trout teamed up to beat Seattle 2-1 and prevent an equally humiliating week for Chicago (11-6)

four times and went 0 for 6 as the Sox won 3-2 in 13 innings. The next night Reggie went hitless in four times, Boston won 3-2 again and New York plummeted to 12 games behind division-leading Baltimore.

The Red Sox (4-7) got an unexpected boost from rookie Joel Finch, recently called up from Pawtucket, who handcuffed Detroit 3-1, but Boston nonetheless lost ground to the Orioles (6-2). Baltimore's week was unusual only in that it lost two games. Steve Stone and Reliever Don Stanhouse combined to beat Cleveland 3-2 on three hits and five nights later teamed up again to defeat Toronto 4-0 on four hits. In between, Stanhouse earned a save for Mike Flanagan in a 4-3 triumph over the Indians, and Jim Palmer, who missed 19 days with tendinitis and had not won since May 29, returned and beat Cleveland on a four-hitter. Beamed Manager Earl Weaver. "Looks like the master is finally back at work."

Milwaukee, its bullpen thinner than 32 beer, twice squandered two-run leads in the ninth inning before winning both times in extra innings and then blew a 6-0 advantage over Minnesota. On that occasion the Brewers went on to lose 8-7. But Milwaukee still won four of six games to keep pace with the Red Sox. Ben Oglive batted .364 and hit three home runs, and leftfielder Bill Castro, a surprisingly undervalued player who may now be getting less more work, got his first two wins of the season, over Seattle and Minnesota.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

ROY SMALLEY: Erupting from a 2-for-20 slump, the Minnesota shortstop banged out 15 hits—eight for extra bases—in 27 at bats to lift his league-leading average to .373. He also scored nine runs and had 12 RBIs.

Sparky Anderson landed hard on his Tigers. Having earlier banned mustaches and blue jeans on the road, Anderson ruled out high stirrups on players' socks and ordered that pants be hitched higher. Looking like the 1975 Reds or the 1936 Yankees, the Tigers went out and won four of six. Champ Summers batted .518 and had seven RBIs and, in two victories over Boston, went 6 for 7 and blasted three home runs.

In Cleveland (2-5), the Indians broke a 10-game losing streak by thrashing Baltimore 6-3 on Ron Hosley's single and double that drove home three runs, and Manager Jeff Torborg kept his job—but barely. Torborg was all but canned when the man the front office wanted to bring in, former Yankee Manager Bob Lemon, turned down the post Tom Underwood hamboozled New York 3-1 on three hits, but otherwise: Toronto (11-6) came up empty.

BAL 73-24 BOS 47-27 MIL 44-33 NY 41-36
DET 35-37 CLE 34-41 TOR 24-56

AL EAST In New York (3-3) Reggie Jackson, who had been sidelined 27 days with leg problems, rejoined the lineup at what appeared to be a perfect moment for him. The setting was perfect, too—Yankee Stadium, a sellout crowd and Boston in the other dugout. "Reggie is melodramatic," said owner George Steinbrenner. "He's a great player, and we need him." If so, George, how come you purchased Cub Rightfielder Bobby Murcer, a former Yankee and a career .280 hitter? Alas, in the lineup as the DH, Jackson whiffed



With Jorge Velazquez up, Davona Dale romped by eight lengths in the Oaks. She may face colts next.

Doubling up on the Triples

Calumet's Davona Dale coasted to her eighth straight win, giving her the old as well as the new Triple Crown for fillies

Up around the clubhouse turn, Davona Dale was making her way at a slow gallop back to the Belmont Park winner's circle, when Jesse Spotts, the filly's groom, turned to trainer John Veitch. The 59-year-old Spotts, a portly veteran of innumerable shedrows, threw back his shoulders and chuckled softly. The 34-year-old Veitch, who had worn a worried look for the last hour or so, during the prelude to and running of the Coaching Club American Oaks, replaced it now with something more suitable to the moment. "Well," said Jesse Spotts, "that was a job well done, son. She made it."

So it was, for indeed she had. Davona Dale had just won the 63rd running of the \$132,625 Oaks at a mile and a half, and in doing so, she made some history for herself last Saturday. The leggy bay from Calumet Farm became the fifth horse to sweep the New York Racing Association's Triple Crown for 3-year-old fillies—the one-mile Acorn, the 1½-mile Mother Goose and the Oaks—and the first ever to sweep both the "old" and

"new" versions of the 3-year-old filly Triple Crown. Before the New York version supplanted it in 1957, the filly triple consisted of the Kentucky Oaks at Churchill Downs, the old Pimlico Oaks at Pimlico—now called the Black-Eyed Susan—and the Coaching Club at Belmont Park. In one important particular, the old filly triple was roughly comparable to the colt Triple Crown in that it was run at three different tracks. The NYRA series is confined to Belmont and Davona Dale has joined Dark Mirage, Shuvee, Chris Evert and Ruffian as the only fillies to win it.

Davona Dale's campaign was particularly ambitious, and her feat compelling for the adaptability and resourcefulness it required of her. Moving from track to track this spring and summer, she won the Kentucky Oaks on the day before the Kentucky Derby and the Black-Eyed Susan on the day before the Preakness, and then came home all full of herself to cake-walk through the New York series. It was, in sum, a prodigious performance, a tour de force the likes of which may not be seen again for many years—five major victories, at distances from a mile to a mile and a half, at three racetracks within a period of eight weeks. Moreover, she came to the May 4 Kentucky Oaks fresh from three stakes victories at three other tracks—Gulfstream, Fair Grounds and Oaklawn Park. The Oaks was her eighth straight stakes score, raising her earnings to \$519,010 for the year and \$562,365 lifetime. She had won her last five by a combined total of 29 lengths, on tracks sloppy and fast, and came to the final and most searching test, the 12-furlong Oaks, still pulling her exercise boy out of his saddle during morning calisthenics.

"The toughest horse I've ever ridden," says Graham Bell, a former flat and steeplechase jockey who rides Davona Dale in the wee hours. "You graze her or give her a bath, she doesn't give a damn about nothing. Just stands there. But you put the tack on her, and she has one thing on her mind. A real professional she is."

Her willingness to work—actually, her enthusiasm for working—has caused Veitch some problems. Coming to the

continued

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HORSE RACING continued

Oaks, he was forced to modify the way he trained her.

The difficulty, as Veitch saw it, was to keep the filly mentally and physically fit enough to go 12 furlongs, to keep her relaxed and not to ask too much of her. She had made all the races in a long campaign, as Spectacular Bid had done in coming to the Belmont, and one mistake could ruin it. The first thing that Veitch decided to do was get her out at 5 a.m., when no other horses were on the track racing past her. Knowing that horses are creatures of habit, Veitch also figured that if he varied Davona Dale's daily routine, kept her guessing all the time, he might take her mind off arguing with Bell and trying to run off with him. "If you break the patterns every day," Veitch says, "they don't know what you're going to do, and it keeps their mind on something else."

One day, Veitch would instruct Bell to gallop her clockwise, the next day, counterclockwise. One day, Bell would jog her a mile before breaking her into a gallop, the next day a quarter of a mile. And so on. Still, Bell had all he could do to keep her under control. He whistled and talked to her constantly—about anything, everything, lecturing her on the behavior expected of a female racehorse while admittedly failing to delete an occasional expletive. Furthermore, he sat back and rode her with long lines. "She has a long stride and a big long neck," Bell says, "and if you take a short hold of her, she tends to climb—too much high knee action. Take a long hold of her, she drops her head and relaxes more. No matter what, it takes a quarter mile to pull her up to a walk."

Davona Dale's penchant for galloping not only required Veitch to vary the format of her workouts, but it also dictated the intensity of them. "If she had a more moderate, easier type gallop, I would let her go two miles," he says. "But she doesn't. Every day she goes a mile at a two-minute lick. She's the type of filly who gets so much out of her gallops that I worked her very easily for the Oaks." And the mile and a half of the race, three-eighths of a mile farther than she had ever been before, persuaded him to alter her regular pre-race regimen. Instead of sending her through a final major workout five or six days before the race, with a three-furlong speed sharpener the day before she ran, as had been the pattern, Veitch decided to work Davona Dale a

mile on Wednesday, three days before she was to run, which eliminated any need for a sharpener.

She worked in 1:38, handy enough. "I didn't want her too sharp," Veitch says. "The element of speed was important in the Acorn and Mother Goose because they are shorter. That kind of sharpness is not as much of an asset in going a mile and a half."

In the Oaks the filly ran to her works. She broke indifferently and strode choppy through the first 100 yards, trailing the field. But by the clubhouse turn she had herself together, striding smoothly into it and around the bend. Down the backside she lay third, stalking the leaders, and moved to them going into the far turn. She left them all coming to the turn for home, opening two lengths on the last bend. Through the lane she ran from Jockey Jorge Velasquez' whip, widening under pressure and winning by eight lengths over Plankton. No horse of distinction opposed her—the second choice, Croquis, had never even run in a stakes—and she beat them easily. But no worse than the bettors beat the track and New York's Off-Track Betting Corporation. Though the Oaks was only a five-horse race, show betting was allowed, and Belmont and OTB together took a U.S. record \$97,268.21 both in the minus pool—the track \$46,623.58, off-track \$50,644.63.

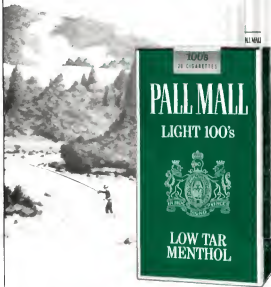
Davona Dale was not as overwhelming in the Oaks as she was in the Mother Goose, which she won by 10, and the time of 2:30 was moderate. But given what she had done the last few months, and that Veitch purposely worked to dull her speed and that she did win by eight lengths, this is no time to quibble. For now, if she trains well, Veitch is looking to the Travers at Saratoga in August, with an eye toward testing her against the colts. Having dominated her female contemporaries, she has only to prove that she can handle the likes of Spectacular Bid. Veitch, meanwhile, relishes the thought of the history she has made.

"That worked, not getting her all hyped up for the race, didn't it?" he says. "That's a relief. It makes it seem like I know what I'm doing. Well, she's the first filly to win the old and new Triple Crowns. You don't often get an opportunity to do something a 'first time.' You can spend a lifetime on the racetrack and not get the chance to train a horse of this ability. It's a thrill."

END

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GYMNASTICS

by Joe Jares



Tomorrow it's the World's

The best of a good bunch of girls won a chance at December's championships

There was Tracee Talavera, a frail-looking 12-year-old, racing down the runway like a frightened fawn and doing her perfect front-handspring, one-and-a-half-tuck-front-with-a-half-twist vault. There was Marcia Frederick, 16, pen-wheeling around the uneven bars. And Leslie Pyfer, 16, posing regally and steadily on the balance beam.

In fact, all of the top U.S. female gymnasts, a squad of supple and nimble teenagers plus the 72-pound, 4' 9" subteen Talavera, were looking good last week in Salt Lake City, where they gathered to do their Nadia Comaneci impressions. And some impressions they were: the judges twice handed out Comanecian scores—perfect 10s.

The occasion was the final trials for the World Gymnastics Championships, which will be held in Fort Worth in December, the first time the event has ever taken place in the U.S. After the four nights of twisting backflips and high scores were over, it was clear that finally Uncle Sam has a team capable of competing with the Soviets, Romanians and East Germans.

Six girls had qualified, primarily on the basis of points accumulated in three meets, the first the U.S. championships, held in May in Dayton, Ohio. Wednesday and Thursday nights in Salt Lake City counted as the second, Friday and Saturday nights the third.

On all four nights at Salt Lake each gymnast competed in four events: the balance beam, uneven parallel bars, floor exercise and vault. Two evenings were re-

continued



One, two, three Pyfer (above) finished first in Salt Lake City. Schwandt (left) second, and Ivey Talavera a fierce third



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served for the compulsory routines, two for the more entertaining optionals.

Saturday night, after the last somersault had been turned and the last computer printout read, the high scorer was Pyfer, who, like Talavera, trains at the National Academy of Artistic Gymnastics in Eugene, Ore., but most of the drama had been supplied by Frederick.

At last October's World Champion-

ships in Strasbourg, France, Frederick, though hampered by a bad ankle, won a gold medal for her performance on the uneven bars. It was the first such medal ever won by a U.S. female in Olympic or world championship gymnastics competition, but in the ensuing months Frederick dropped from view. In an effort to correct what had proved to be chronically displaced tendons in both ankles, she virtually stopped competing.

"We started again this spring, before the nationals," says Frederick's coach, Marnel Grossfeld, of the American Gold School in New Milford, Conn. "It was almost like starting all over. You cannot be beautiful and elegant with your upper body when your feet don't work."

A rusty Frederick had finished only 19th at Dayton and needed to move up dramatically in Salt Lake to make the team. Until four weeks ago, she spent nine hours a day in the gym with coaches Grossfeld and Rich Carlson. Then she tapered off to seven, which is more usual for gymnasts of her caliber.

Wednesday night, at the University of Utah's Special Events Center, she came on strong with a 9.8 score on the bars, her specialty, and finished third in the all-around. The second night she got a near-perfect 9.95 on the bars and had an all-around score of 38.35. With two nights to go, she had fought her way up to 10th.

Friday night, her compulsory routine on the bars was awarded a 10, to that juncture only the second perfect score ever earned by an American, and came within a tenth of a point of pulling it off again on Saturday. But 9.9 wasn't quite good enough. With her score from Dayton figured in, the U.S.'s only gold medalist finished one place shy of qualifying for the six-member team. She is the first alternate for the Fort Worth meet and will perform there only if one of the regulars is hurt or misbehaves.

"But she was fantastic," said a coach from the Midwest. "To move up that far is an achievement to go with the great moments ever in gymnastics. It shows what a competitor Marcia is."

Talavera, who finished third behind Pyfer and Rhonda Schwandt, at 16 a veteran of five years of international competition, got a 10 at the trials—for that front-handspring, one-and-a-half-tuck-front-with-a-half-twist vault—and scored consistently high in all four events.

Talavera comes from Walnut Creek, Calif., near Oakland, but for almost two years she has been living in Eugene with her coaches, Linda Metheny and her husband, Dick Mulvihill, working under their supervision at the Academy of Artistic Gymnastics, located in what used to be an auto-body shop in downtown Eugene. A significant number of the top girl gymnasts now board with, or near, their coaches, an arrangement that solves a lot of logistical problems and helps keep their minds on their staller shoots.

"Leslie [Pyfer] enjoys gymnastics immensely, and she works at it," says Linda Metheny, who will coach the U.S. team at Fort Worth. "To Tracee, it's all fun. She does a routine, jumps to the mat and does a front flip to her butt—just carrying on and playing the whole time. She has a tremendous amount of energy and is always in motion."

"We believe kids belong at home with their parents, but we also believe that the girls who have real potential should have the opportunity to develop it, so we have a few living with us. We're like a family. We go on picnics and campsouts and things on weekends. Tracee loves to fish, and she's great with my baby daughter, Domjo. They're like sisters."

Talavera's no babe compared to Donjo, but her age may turn out to be a sticky point. She will still be only 13 come December, and 14 is the minimum age for international competition.

Frank Bare, head of the United States Gymnastics Federation, will formally petition the sport's international governing body for a waiver in Tracee's case, and he expects it will be granted.

"It's left up to the discretion of the contestant's country," says Metheny. "But usually everyone sticks to the rule. At the last Winter Olympics, the Russians did have a 12-year-old figure skater, and at the World Championships last year the Bulgarians had about three girls who could have been less than 12. They were tiny."

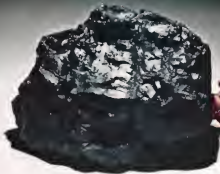
The Oregon Academy's chief rival is Grossfeld's American Gold Club, which has produced not only Frederick but also Leslie Russo, an olive-skinned 16-year-old whose fifth-place finish at Salt Lake was also a comeback, in her case from a siege of mono-nucleosis. During warm-ups, Grossfeld swept Russo along with a bubbling rush of coaching tips.



Injured star Frederick shone, but is on standby

continued

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Russo listened, apparently did the right things with the right parts and earned a 9.9 on the beam Saturday night to slip past Kathy Johnson, at 19 the grand old lady of the team. Winner of the first American Cup in 1976 and a bronze medalist in Strasbourg, Johnson turned in another strong performance, highlighted on Saturday by a floor exercise that won her a 9.9.

Second-place finisher Schwandt, from Los Alamitos, Calif., had, like Frederick, been on the disabled list; while recovering from knee surgery, she had been unable to compete at Dayton. Still considered to be "potentially the best American gymnast ever," Rhonda was finally declared eligible to compete last week and came in second because, under an unprecedented ruling, it was rather cavalierly assumed she would have performed at the same level of excellence in Dayton as she did in Salt Lake.

More mathematical acrobatics became necessary when one of the leaders, Christina Canary, of the Mid America Twissers of Northbrook, Ill., had a high temperature and dizziness Saturday night and couldn't compete. USGF officials decided to use her optional scores from Dayton, which had been quite high, and she made the team as the No. 4 qualifier, trailing Talavera by 1.30 points.

In four nights of competition the judges awarded two 10s, two 9.95s and seven 9.9s; Frederick, the mere alternate, collected a 10, a 9.95 and a 9.9. Were the blue-coated judges, all from the U.S., guilty of score inflation? The coaches present insisted not.

"I've never seen a meet like this before," said Bill Sands, who will assist Metheny in Fort Worth. "The girls just looked super. It was easily—easily—the best meet ever in the U.S. The routines I saw would get 9.9s anywhere." Said Metheny, "There were 16 double backs attempted, and all 16 of them were made. Over four days, there were only 10 beam falls."

And that is an indication in itself that the U.S. girls are on the rise. **END**



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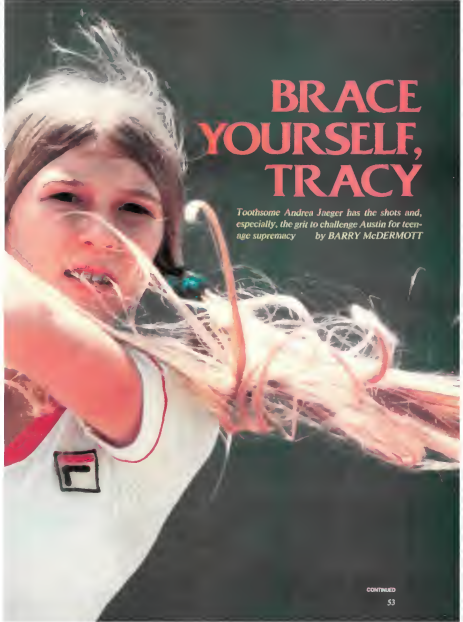
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BRACE YOURSELF, TRACY

Toothsome Andrea Jaeger has the shots and, especially, the grit to challenge Austin for teenage supremacy by BARRY McDERMOTT

CONTINUED

Andrea!" shouts Roland Jaeger. "Andrea! Andrea! Look at that! Andrea, you're leaning backward on your backhand! Andrea, do you hear me?"

Jaeger is at The Courts On 22, where he is a teaching tennis pro, standing on a balcony from which he can study a practice session involving his daughters Andrea, 14, who is the latest deluxe model off America's junior tennis assembly line, and Susy, 17, and Steve Casati, a fellow pro. Jaeger has spotted a flaw in Andrea's backhand, and he's beginning to act like a farmer who has just discovered worms in his corn.

"Andrea! Do you hear me?"

"Whaaat?" shouts his daughter, finally glancing up in exasperation.

"Your shoulder's not staying down on your backhand. There, you did it again. Andrea, you've got to keep that shoulder down!"

"Darn it," Jaeger says, turning away. "I haven't been paying enough attention to her. Now she's got a problem . . ." And he starts seething on the balcony, where he is surrounded by tennis mothers who spend hours each day talking among themselves, often nastily, about some girl or boy who's suspected of cheating.

A bit later Andrea calls to Jaeger, "Dad, what's for dinner?"

"Don't worry about that. It doesn't matter," he replies. "Keep your shoulder down!"

"I'm starved," protests Andrea. She has been on the court for almost three hours. Tomorrow will be Saturday, which means she'll be able to practice longer.



The Jaeger family lives in a suburb of Chicago called Lincolnshire, their house nestled in a tranquil subdivision where the streets are named after the haunts and characters of *Robin Hood*. For example, the Jaeger (pronounced yayger) house is on Sheffield Court. With its quaint Old English trapings and its placid appearance, Lincolnshire seems an unlikely spot to find people consumed with competitive passion, to discover a family that applies Germanic diligence and order to the pursuit of junior championships. But among the Jaegers, and especially for Andrea, tennis has always been a four-letter word—**WORK**. There is evidence of this readily at hand: an inside wall of the Jaeger garage is stained with oil smears, a reminder of Andrea's first encounter with tennis. Wearing a coat, gloves and boots against sub-freezing cold, she hit balls against the garage wall for hours one winter, each shot picking up a blob of oil from the floor, to prove to her parents that she was old enough for tennis lessons. She was seven.

Now seven years later, Andrea is competing in Wimbledon's junior singles championship as one of four invited

U.S. girls. She is seeded second behind Czechoslovakia's Hana Mandlikova, who is 17. It has been years since anyone her age beat her. She has won eight national age-group titles and is top-ranked in three United States Tennis Association classes: 14-and-under singles and doubles (with Beverly Bowes); the 16 doubles (with her sister), and the 16 singles, in which she ranks fourth. The three ahead of her are, ah! Tracy Austin, who plays with the big girls at Wimbledon, Bettina Bunge and Kelly Henry.

Jaeger recently beat Bunge and Henry, and last winter she became the youngest player to win the Orange Bowl tournament in Miami, a competition in which kids bare their braces and play like tigresses. Andrea also demolished accomplished older players in the Rolex Invitational, the National Indoors 21-and-under tournament and the Pepsi Cola Grand Prix finals. She has been selected for the Junior Wightman Cup team, and this summer will compete nationally in the bracket for 18-year-olds, hoping to earn a berth in the U.S. Open.

These considerable accomplishments, and the notable future they presage, have not come by happenstance. During the winter Andrea and Susy—who also knows the meaning of the word "work," as the thick, peeling calluses on her hands attest—are up well before the sun so that they can get in an hour of practice before school. Which is fine with Andrea, who believes that the harder she works, the luckier she gets.

Although Andrea looks frail—she weighs a scant 85 pounds and is barely five feet *continued*



At 15, Andrea's a germ on the courts and with the books. In grade 8's typical teen-age fun, too: eating a frozen yogurt like a workout, playing slayback with other kids in the fan-din, strolling between classes at Daniel Wright Junior High School and horsing around with another kind of ball



JAEGER

BY MICHAEL C. HARRIS

tall—one of her favorite tricks is acting an adult, hitting the ball so hard that onlookers gasp. Not only can she “whale,” her term for whacking the cover off the ball, but she can also “outpace” her opponents. And she is the master of a tantalizing chungeup, the ability to float a lob off a high-speed drive. In her hands the racket is what the steering wheel is to a race driver—a precision instrument. Robert Landsdorp, Austin’s coach, calls Andrea “a female John McEnroe. She has such control, such feel with the racket. You can’t teach that.” Andrea also cares not a whit if it is hot and humid and the sun is beating down. After all, she is only 14—and a Jaeger.

Naturally, there is a tendency to compare her accomplishments with Austin’s at the same age. On the record, there isn’t much difference, although a couple of months after her 14th birthday Austin won an Avon Futures professional event, and Jaeger has yet to venture among the pros. Landsdorp says Andrea has more talent than Tracy did at the same age, but he believes Tracy would have beaten her on mental toughness. There are similarities in looks, too. Tracy wore braces and utilized a two-handed backhand, but that’s about it.

The points of contrast are more striking. Austin grew up in California, where tennis can be played outdoors the year around, in a tennis family that taught the backhand grip on the baby bottle. Andrea’s parents are European immigrants who, a dozen years ago, had not even played the game. Moreover, Andrea has had a cold climate to contend with. Finally, it is extremely doubtful that Joe Louis has impinged upon the Austins’ lives anywhere near as much as he has on the Jaegers’.

Roland and his wife, Ilse, grew up on the German side of the Swiss-German border near Basel. He recalls that his mother, who died when he was seven, wept on hearing over the radio that the Brown Bomber had defeated Max Schmeling for the heavyweight title. It seems Louis’ name has been on the tip of Roland’s tongue ever since. His father, an accountant by trade, served in the *Wehrmacht* in World War II, was taken prisoner by the Russians and was held in a POW camp until 1951.

Roland, now a muscular 45, played some soccer in his youth and had 69 fights as an amateur boxer, losing only three. As a young married man he raced the family car, a

modified Corvette, in local events. In Europe he was a bricklayer. When he and Ilse came to the U.S. in 1956, this trade kept him going until he could scrape up enough money to buy a neighborhood bar on Chicago’s North Side. For years he bossed a bricklaying crew and ran the bar simultaneously.

When he finally did take up tennis, Jaeger, as luck would have it, was able to pick up fine points from Frank Parker (né Frank Andrzej Pajkowski), the former U.S. champion, who occasionally played on an adjacent court.

Ilse, herself a paragon of Germanic perseverance, is a beautician in a shop 25 miles from Lincolnshire, to which she drives twice a week. By now Ilse knows her way around a tennis court, too. She and Roland are a formidable doubles team at the club level. Ilse does needlepoint on the sidelines while her daughters play in tournaments, and naturally there are those who have drawn a parallel with Mme. Defarge, who knitted as the guillotine fell.

In 1977 Roland, who has always been Andrea’s coach, became a teaching pro at The Courts On 27, a tennis complex situated alongside the tollway between Chicago and Milwaukee. Today he has 200 young pupils; he also runs a junior tennis camp there in the summer.

Jaeger wears his hair in a Dutch-boy cut, the bangs hanging down nearly to his clear blue eyes. His voice is hoarse from yelling imprecations at his students. (A parent once told Jaeger that

he suffered a mild heart attack after hearing him berate his son.) In conversation Jaeger is animated; his hands are never still. Curiously, he calls his favorite students “turtle soups.”

To say that Jaeger has boundless energy would be to accuse him of laziness. He is on the courts 12 hours a day, seven days a week, changing sweat-soaked shirts three times daily. For years he has driven Andrea and Susy to tournaments, near and far, in a van. “One, it saved money,” he says. “Two, if the girls lost early, they knew it would be a long ride home.” Although Jaeger is by no means a wealthy man, he has been spending some \$7,500 a year to keep his daughters in the forefront of a sport that devours checkbooks. A friend once told him, “The players arrived in BMWs and Mercedes, but the trophies leave in a van.” Meaning Jaeger’s.

There are several reasons for that, one being his work-for-



Andrea skipped a European tennis tour to make her graduation

continued

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the-night-cometh intensity. He often uses the phrase "getting down to the nails." Which is where Andrea is in the habit of getting down to. "If you want to beat her," he says, "you actually have to be 6-2 better, otherwise you will lose. She's tough."

Though she is small, Andrea generates astonishing power. She has a serve that would be passable for a woman professional. Apparently she has strong hands. Her father compares her power with Joe Louis' left hook. "It only went four inches and—boom!" he says. In Jaeger's lexicon "dodgers" are players who skip certain junior tournaments in order to avoid outstanding players. "Joe Louis used to say, 'You can run but you can't hide,'" he says. The implication is clear: dodge the Jaegers though you may, sooner or later they're gonna get you.

"I'll tell you the truth," says Jaeger. "There were times when we pushed the kids. Now we don't have to anymore." On days when the girls felt they didn't want to practice, the alternative was to do housework or clean the garage. "They found out it wasn't so bad on the tennis court." When Susy started playing, a neighborhood newspaper ran a photo of an unidentified girl on a tennis court. "Susy, you should look at this girl," Jaeger said at the breakfast table. The previous day he had ranted because she had played so poorly. "Dad," said Susy, "that's me." Roland had not noticed the girl's face, only her estimable form.

At the time, Andrea was too small to join Susy, so she wangled a badminton set from her parents and practiced by herself. That was the winter she banged balls in the garage. Then she coaxed her dad to hit with her in the street. "She wouldn't give up," says Jaeger. "It bugged her that

Susy played and she couldn't. I remember the time she told me, 'Dad, I hit 20 against the wall without missing.' She was so proud." He told her to hit 21.

"I always say it's a matter of numbers," says Jaeger. "You got to hit the balls. At least 300 to 500 balls an hour. I've counted it many times. If you hit against the rebound net you could hit 2,500 balls in an hour." Today Jaeger finds that the best way to punish Andrea is not to allow her to play tennis. If he wants to badger her about sloppiness on the court, he scolds. "Austin would never lose four games to that girl."

Despite the rigors of her life, Andrea is by no means an automaton. In truth, she comes close to being a female *lie Nautique*. At a Mission Viejo tournament she kicked at a ball in practice and her shoe flew across the court to where Susy was standing. She also spotted a bird against the fence and in one quick motion dropped a ball and smacked it at the bird, just missing it. The crowd gasped. She makes faces during matches, harasses linesmen and often plays in a warm-up jacket against lesser opponents. Between games, while her opponent slumps on the sidelines, Andrea marches over to the other side and twirls her racket or practices her serve.

For someone so young, she is a pretty shrewd psychologist. She never shows fatigue, or even breathes hard, and she likes nothing better than to wear down an opponent mentally as well as physically. In the finals of the Seventeen tournament, one point took 152 strokes. The crowd booed Andrea. She cursed.

Away from the court Andrea is charming, sweet and mischievous. When she went to a hospital for treatment of blisters, she jumped into a wheelchair and careened around the hallways.

When she is asked what she wants out of tennis, she says, "Enough money for a golf cart." But in a match it's a different story: her opponent, the umpire, even a bird, is an intruder on her turf. There are those who don't understand. They don't understand junior tennis. They think it is a game.

"People don't know what to make of Andrea," says Susy, who, conversely, is almost phlegmatic on the court. "They don't realize how competitive junior tennis is and how you have to give yourself totally to the game. Part of the way she acts is her age and part of it is being under pressure. People who criticize her have kids who sit home all day drinking pop and watching television. But you take that spunk away from Andrea and you take away a lot of the fight from her. That's part of her tough mental attitude. Maybe that's what is missing when I play her." Although she is the better player, Andrea never has beaten Susy. The girls



As Roland Jaeger lectures Susy, 17, during a family workout, Andrea is all ears.

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by Wendy Turnbull



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Where did this appear? The New Yorker? People? Esquire? No, it's from *Easy Times the Hard Way* by Barry McDermott in Sports Illustrated, where the world of sport, like the world at large, has its seamy underside.

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unwinded

are very close, there is not a hint of sibling rivalry. "Andrea wouldn't be as good as she is if she didn't have me to play against," says Susy, matter-of-factly. At Mission Viejo their closeness was evident at the awards banquet. Susy had lost in the finals of the 18s, while Andrea had easily won the 16s. At the banquet Andrea was named Most Promising Player, an honor that brought with it \$2,500 in traveling expenses. Susy was so happy for her sister that she had tears in her eyes. Says Jaeger, "One without the other is like half of a car."

Last February, Andrea blasted Mary Lou Piatek 6-0, 6-0 in a junior tournament at Boca Raton, Fla. Piatek is one of the top players in the 18s, and she has often beaten Susy. At 5-0 in the second set, Andrea thought briefly about letting Piatek win a game. "I then I thought of Susy," she recalls. "I said, 'No way.'"

Susy has always been less flamboyant, more patient and precise than Andrea. Even now her appetite for practice is bigger than Andrea's, perhaps because she was ranked only seventh in the 16s, and while other students from The Courts On 22 complain about the demands of training, Susy is happy to jog farther than the distance prescribed by her father. When she trots by her house, Andrea waves at her from her bedroom window.

But in their attitude toward competition, the girls are almost twins. "I'd rather be a bad winner than a good loser," Susy once said. And she is the easy-going one. Both she and Andrea are straight-A students.

There are occasions when Susy is also Andrea's surrogate mother, looking after her at tournaments. "She doesn't always want to eat and go to bed when she has to," says Susy. "I can't really picture Andrea going to college. She's so young that I don't think she'll ever be old enough for college."

Andrea lost only three tournaments in 1978, all out of her age group. Kelly Henry beat her in the quarters of the National 16s, and Barbara Potter, who has since turned pro, ousted her in the Indoor 18s. Andrea made a rare appearance within her age class and cleaned up in the National 14s in Birmingham. This year only Susy, who beat her in the finals of the Easter Bowl, has taken a match from her. Jaeger does not find this odd. "Andrea is a fighter," he says with a shrug.

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"With Susy there is nothing to fight."

About the only thing in junior tennis Andrea has left to battle for is the reputation of that other superkid, Austin. "I just want to do good enough for me," says Andrea. "I don't say, 'I want to win this match because Tracy won last year.'" Still, others are keeping close watch. Those who know that Tracy used to change into her tennis clothes in the car on the way to practice after school should be told that Andrea sleeps in tennis socks.

There are stories of girls who get sick from anxiety before matches and of the youngster who was terrified to telephone her parents after a loss. When she hung up, she burst into tears. "It's fine when I win," she wailed. "But if I lose they don't want to talk to me." Andrea and Susy say there is not that kind of pressure in their home. "I always tell them, 'Win or lose, you're still my girl,'" says their father. All he wants for Andrea, he says with a smile, is that she make enough

money from tennis for a wedding dress. He speaks of a rare day years ago when both Andrea and Susy lost in a local tournament. "After I bawled them out and told them what they did wrong, I took them to get ice cream," he says. "People couldn't believe it. They said, 'You buy them ice cream when they lose?'"

Once Andrea was playing, and beating, an exasperated opponent whose mother was trying to signal her from the stands. Her daughter could not decipher the signals. Andrea marched up to the net and said, "Your mother wants you to hit to my forehand." After she won the match, Andrea advised her opponent, "Tell your mother she doesn't know anything about tennis. My forehand is my best shot." Such impertinence drives other players wild. Last year some of them burst into her motel room at a tournament and smeared "gunk" in her long blonde hair. "I had to wash it about six times to get it out," says Andrea with a laugh.

Naturally, the family is vigilant against any weakness, any infection that could spread. At the time of the Mission Viejo tournament the girls practiced through a Saturday morning though Susy had severe foot blisters after a visit to UCLA, one of the colleges that have offered her a tennis scholarship. She had walked around the campus in unfamiliar high heels. After one practice Jaeger took Susy to watch the California boys' state high school tennis meet. Sitting on the sidelines he pointed out players who had disappointed their promise, youngsters who had slipped out of the mainstream. When a boy made a foolish mistake, Jaeger chided, "He's just like you, Susy. That's what you do. Tsk tsk, tsk." The previous night Jaeger had hauled out a picture of Maria Rothschild, an opponent whose imperfect backhand Andrea had subconsciously begun to copy. Jaeger showed it to her as a warning. On the way home from the meet, he told her sister, "Susy, you must watch Andrea. She's

continues

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raising her shoulder on that backhand. You must bug her about it. Keep after her." Roland does not take movies of his daughters in action. "My memory tells me, even five years later, exactly what they did wrong," he says.

When Andrea brags about a tennis conquest her father says, "You got to prove it to me." He suspects that sometimes she prolongs points to show him that she can hit an overhead.

Whenever his daughters are on the road without him and split sets at a tournament, they phone him long-distance during the break to discuss strategy for the third set. If he is in the stands, Susy says, "I can hear him think."

Nearly 30% of the ranked juniors in the Chicago area play at the Jaegers' club, some making a 100-mile round trip for a lesson. The message Jaeger teaches is elementary: "The kid has to learn to be a tough competitor." Mistakes mean the player runs laps. The only trophies on display in the Jaeger home are two mixed-doubles awards he and Ibe once won. The girls' awards are packed away in closets. The impression given is that junior tournaments do not count.

In junior tennis, reputations are like sand castles. Two years from now Andrea Jaeger may not even be playing tournament tennis, a possibility that Roland and his wife occasionally discuss late at night. "If she quit tomorrow, the time we put in would not be lost," he says. "Andrea always would have to do something. I don't think she could stand doing nothing, being on the sidelines, being a cheerleader."

Though she has been to Europe seven times and Australia once, though she has, as her sister says, "ice water in her veins," though her game can be awe-inspiring, as it was at the National 14s last year when she won seven matches in a total of seven hours, dropping only 13 games, Andrea Jaeger, tennis prodigy, is a young girl who likes to giggle and "goof around." "She's still a little kid yet," says Ibe. "Just because she knows how to hit a tennis ball doesn't mean she's grown up." Andrea's room is filled with a child's flossam of Teddy bears and other stuffed animals, and her bulletin board is crammed with thumbtacked pictures of her friends.

Away from tennis her love is animals. She usually finds a dog to adopt at a tournament. Her mother figures that she has

visited nearly 100 zoos with Andrea. Once Andrea had a couple of sea urchins at home in a bowl, but when she was away at a tournament they died.

While the Jaegers are fully aware that Andrea is still a slip of a girl, with adolescent needs and whims, some things are not permitted. Andrea is not to wear a headband on court—too flashy. Curfew is 10 p.m. Jaeger did not go to Wimbledon to watch Andrea, although he was entitled to a free airline ticket, because his junior students were playing a local tournament and he felt he must coach them. His father, now living in Oeffingen, West Germany, is upset because the family will not celebrate his 70th birthday with him—because it falls during the U.S. Open. Andrea turned down invitations to the French and Italian junior tournaments because they conflicted with her eighth-grade graduation, an occasion marked by her first pair of high heels.

The future is uncertain, but it is definite that Andrea will not turn professional for at least a year. "We want to see if she's really that good or if she's a flash in the pan," says Roland, nodding her gently. "Actually, I don't think Andrea's going to be as good as most people do. She has to prove it to me."

The Jaegers are in their van, bouncing along toward home and happily consuming the remnants of frozen yogurts. One of Andrea's and Susy's greatest pleasures is the "yogurt run." Steve Cusati takes them on to get frozen yogurt in a nearby town. On this Saturday night their parents have provided the transportation, although it is very late, a few minutes after 10 p.m. The Jaegers are indignant at the sight of unsupervised teenagers strolling about the streets at that hour.

As the car heads along a deserted road toward Lincolnshire, the family talks tennis. The sport obviously has consumed them, but as Roland says, "No sport is easy if you want to be a champion." He turns to Andrea. "You know, tomorrow we work on that backhand," he raps. "Your shoulder, Andrea, it keeps going up. We will work on keeping it down tomorrow."

Ibe is in the back seat with her daughters. "We can't hear you back here," she says. "What did you say?"

"I heard him," drones Susy.

"So did I," says Andrea.

END

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As I Did It

by RICHARD CONNIFF

IN IRELAND, AN INSISTENT DOG LURED THE AUTHOR TOWARD A PERILOUS SEA

The sun was shining over the Atlantic when I arrived at the end of what had been a wet, stormy September day. I was staying the night at a hostel on Croby Head about five miles from Dunglow, County Donegal. Inside, there was a turf fire and tea, and though I had already put in many miles on foot, the sun drew me out of doors again as soon as I had warmed myself a bit.

The hostel stood on a high spot with pasture running down to the rocks and the water. Clambering over a stone wall, I walked slowly down through the grass. A stream babbled nearby, though the overgrowth almost hid it completely. Distracted by the murmuring water, I didn't notice until the last moment the black dog racing down on me. It ran with a crazy, bucketing speed, and it leaped up at me almost before I had spotted it.

I have always been good with dogs, and I found I was particularly compatible with those in the West of Ireland. It was easy. The dogs there generally look alike and share the same quiet temperament; they are bred to herd sheep. "You seldom get a cross sheep dog," a Mayo farmer had told me, as his dog rested its head against my knee. I hadn't met a cross one yet, and so I didn't panic when the dog came at me.

It twined in midair, landed at my feet and was up again immediately, leaping and turning. Like a sheep dog, it didn't growl or bark, but I'd never seen one so wild and frenetic. Most of them I had come across in Ireland were content to sit listening and watching in the corner of a field or to wait patiently in a farmhouse for their meal of potato skins and milk. I saw by the mad, happy look in this dog's eyes that it wanted a tussle. I offered it my arm. Then I wrestled and boxed with it and spun it around, letting it leap for my hand and the sleeve of my jacket. It was skinny and stood only knee high, so I was able to toss it about without much effort.

The sheep dog started playing other

games with me, trying to make me run. It charged me, cutting and bobbing. It dashed down the hill and then came back a bit to tease me on, leaping out of reach each time I drew near. After running in tight circles around me, it bolted out of sight, only to appear a few moments later on a knoll two fields away. Its speed and energy startled me. It didn't leap the stone walls with the compact forward motion of a horse. Instead, it took them with an ansate springiness that seemed to leave it suspended in the red sunlight, 1½ feet above the wall.

I followed the dog across the fields, playing the game. When I stopped to catch my breath by the ruins of a church, the dog darted in and out of the vacant doors and windows, calling me back to the chase. It drew me on insistently until we got to the bottom of the field, which surmounted a sheer, 30-foot cliff.

A finger of the Atlantic ran beneath the cliff and the sea whirled and spat and washed around the rocks below. I paused to take the scene in. The sun, a great red ball, was slowly dropping into the sea. It lit up the red-and-brown cliff face, the rich, green grass, the gray stone ruins. Everything in sight was timeless, as if it had not changed in the centuries since the Armada sailed past these shores.

But the dog had no interest in sight-seeing. It ran down the irregular rocks to the sea as a house dog might go down the back stairs. It was as if the dog could have done it blindfolded. It stopped only to look at me curiously. Twice it came back up onto the grassy headland to urge me on. I didn't move at first. I didn't trust the way the sea rolled into the little inlet and then went sucking back out. Was it a rising or a falling tide? How deep was the water around the rocks?

Such considerations didn't affect the dog, who ran down to the water's edge and continued on, stepping from one rock to another, into the middle of the inlet, where the sea was all around it. It made the trip slowly, looking over its shoulder as if to instruct me. Then once again it returned to me on the headland. There was really nothing to be afraid of, I thought. The weather was fine. There was still plenty of daylight. The dog would be my guide.

I climbed down slowly, unsure of my footing. The dog ran ahead with its characteristic abandon, stopping at intervals for me to catch up. I slipped and fell once, and it came back to inspect me

with its gray-blue eyes. It pronounced me well and then stood behind me, urging me on.

I looked again at the swirling water and at the clear sky. I thought of Ireland's weather, "changeable as a baby's bottom." Only that afternoon, on the Bloody Foreland, the country's northwestern tip, I had watched this same sea lashing at the rocky coast in a great, white, boiling fury. A blinding rain had whipped in over the low farmland, tearing at the hand-stacked oats. "There's nothing from here till you get to America," one fellow had told me. "So the sea has plenty of room to work up a rage."

From its perch on a rock a few feet away, the dog looked back at me expectantly. The red sun showed it handsomely, all black, with those penetrating eyes. It waited for me. I wondered, only half jokingly, if it was some agent of the sea gods, leading me away from the safety of land. I had been told of demon cats in Irish folklore. Were there demon dogs, too? In the un-Anglicized Irish, my family name (MacConduibh) means "Son of a Black Hound." Was this dog the agent of some personal Irish destiny, some retribution due my ancestors who had lived in the West of Ireland a long time ago?

I stepped out onto the rock. The dog turned, and with that characteristic springiness, leaped one rock farther out. Then it turned and waited. When I hesitated too long, it came back to draw me on. And so I followed it from rock to rock. It wasn't satisfied until I had come to the last rock in the little archipelago. We stopped, with the sea rushing around us and cliffs on either side, and at last it sat down like a sheep dog, staring quietly straight ahead.

I followed its gaze, peering anxiously into the west for a small rolling in from America, but the Atlantic had taken on a glassy evening calm.

The dog was watching the sunset.

It was a perfect spot. At the mouth of the inlet there was no distraction, nothing to obstruct our view. The sun lit up a great red path straight across the sea. We watched silently as it settled down into the ocean. Then, in the dusk, the dog led me slowly back over the rocks and up onto the headland. Someone was calling when we reached the road. The dog's ears went up, and we parted almost as abruptly as we had met. **END**

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Her name was—well we're not sure. And she appears to have been the only other love Two Fingers had besides his tequila.

"It's her spirit I capture in the tequila I make. It is soft but, oh, so passionate," he reportedly said.

She traveled with Two Fingers as he brought the taste of this special tequila—Two Fingers Tequila—north of the border.

And then, without warning, they both disappeared leaving behind only the passionate taste of the Two Fingers Tequila we enjoy today.



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 25-July 1

Compiled by STEVE WOLF

BOWLING—MARSHALL HULMAN beat Jeff Mattingly 205-195 in the final of the \$70,000 Seattle Open for his third victory of the year.

BOXING—NYTO ANTUOLERO of Brooklyn, N.Y., upset champion Hugo Corra of Argentina on a split decision to win the world middleweight title, in Monte Carlo (page 16).

GOLF—GIL MORGAN won a 40-hole bridge put to beat Larry Nelson on the second hole of sudden death and won the \$30,000 Memphis Classic. The pair finished the regulation on 72 holes (see 18-hander page 27).

VICKI FERGUSON fired a final-round 69 for after-under-par 284 to win a \$150,000 LPGA tournament in Dearborn, Mich. It was her first victory on the tour. Four other golfers finished two strokes back.

HORSE RACING—DAVONA DALE (\$2,201, ridden by Jorge Velazquez, clinched the Triple Crown for fillies by getting an eight-length victory over Pleasant in the \$172,675 Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont Park. Her time for the 1 1/4 miles was 2:30 (page 42).

Willye Canine rode 4-to-9 favorite Troy to a four-length victory over Dechen 881 in the \$311,465 Irish Sweepstakes in Dublin, Troy, whose time for the 1 1/4 miles was 2:30 1/2, became only the sixth horse to win both the Epsom Derby and the Irish Sweep.

SMARTEN 152 101, Sam Maple up, won his fourth straight stakes race, the \$100,000 American Derby at Arlington Park, by 1 1/2 lengths over Super Hit. The 3-year-old colt won for the 154 miles was 2:05 1/2.

MOTOR SPORTS—JEAN-PIERRE JABOUILLE of France, averaging 118.8 mph in a Renault, won the French Grand Prix in Dijon by 14.5 seconds over Gilles Villeneuve, driving a Ferrari. The victory was the first in Grand Prix racing for Renault and also the first by a turbocharged car.

BOCCER—NASL, Of the six division leaders, only Minnesota and the Cosmos won both of their games, and even then the Cosmos needed a little help to get shutout out Memphis 2-0 early in the week. Minnesota, leader in the National Conference Central, beat Chicago 4-2 when the Stars aggressively scored twice in its own goalposts. The National East-Branding Cosmos won their 14th and 15th straight at home with a 3-1 victory over Portland and a 5-2 win over Rochester. Vancouver, first in the National West, split its two games, beating Atlanta

3-1 and losing to Fort Lauderdale 3-2 in a shoot-out. Earlier in the week Fort Lauderdale's four-game winning streak was stopped by an 8-2 loss to Detroit which got three goals and two assists apiece from Ted MacDougall and Keith Purphy, the son of Coach Ken Fairley. Tampa Bay lost 2-1 in overtime to California and beat Edmonton 4-2 on Oscar Fabbiani's four goals to stay on top in the American East. San Diego (the only division leader with a sub-300 record, defeated Chicago 2-1, but lost 2-1 to Toronto, which is now 10-0 after a 1-1 start. Houston, leader in the American Central was upset by Philadelphia 3-2, but beat California 2-1 (page 18).

ASL, California has lost only two of its 18 games, but both defeats have been to Los Vegas, which trails the first-place San Diego by 69 points in the Western Division. The latest loss came 1-0 on a goal by the Seagulls' John McDermott. Three nights later California beat Los Angeles 2-1. Sacramento won twice in San Diego had a last week, he got two goals and an assist in a 3-2 win over Pennsylvania and had all three goals in a 3-1 defeat of Cleveland. The New Jersey Americans, with Coach Eddie Firmani making his debut, and Pennsylvania 3-1. Eastern Division leader Columbus defeated Indianapolis 2-1.

TABLE TENNIS—MILAN OROVSKA of Czechoslovakia defeated countryman Josef Orovsky 20-7, 16-21, 21-16, 9-21, 21-9 in the men's final of the U.S. Open in Uxbridge, L.I. Lee K. Woon of South Korea won the women's title, beating Kyo Kowagahiguchi of Japan 21-15, 21-8, 21-8.

TRACK & FIELD—MARY DECKER set an American record in the women's mile at the Brooks Meet of Champions in Philadelphia. Her time of 4:23.5 bettered by 4 seconds the mark established by Françoise Larmer in 1977 (page 12).

VOLLEYBALL—IVA, In a match between Continental Oceanic-leading Denver and Santa Barbara, the best in the Western Division, the Cosmos broke the Sevens' 10-match winning streak in a five-game marathon that lasted three hours. Denver's Gary Puschke had 45 kills, surpassing Santa Barbara's Len Epstein, who had 43. The victory was Denver's 14th, matching the team's total for all last season. Sea Lake City beat Albuquerque for its fifth victory in last six matches.

MILEPOSTS—RENOGNE, An coach of the Los Angeles Lakers, JERRY WEST, 41, after three seasons during which he had a record of 145-101. New Lakers

owner Jerry Buss made the announcement, saying the 12-year former NBA all-star had become "tired of coaching."

RETIRED—Three-time heavyweight champion MUHAMMAD ALI, 37, who first won the title in 1964 from Sonny Liston, Ali, who has "retired" twice before, this time sent an official letter of resignation to the World Boxing Association.

WILLIE BROWN, 18, defensive back for the Denver Broncos (1961-63), and Oakland Raiders (1963-73), Brown, who ranks 10th in career interceptions with 54 is the only player to make at least one interception in 16 consecutive seasons.

TRAIDED By the San Francisco Giants, Second baseman BILL MADLOCK, 30, a lifetime .251 hitter who was hitting .265 this season. Pitcher DAVE ROBERTS, 18, new knicker ELMY RANDOLPH, 33, to the Pittsburgh Pirates for pitcher ED WHITFORD, 24, who was 2-1 with a 4.14 ERA in 1979 and two minor league pitchers, Al Holland and Fred Hervey.

By the Chicago Cubs, Outfielder ROBBY MUEBER, 33, who was hitting .248 this season, to the New York Yankees for minor league pitcher Phil Senechal and one disclosed amount of cash. Mueber spent eight seasons with the Yankees before being traded in 1974 to the San Francisco Giants.

DIED CONN MCCREARY, 58, died of two Kentucky wrestling champions (1972-'73) and a bronze medalist at the 1972 Olympics, at natural death, in Ocala, Fla. McCrory, who won more than 1,500 meets in 21 years before becoming a trainer, came from 13th place to win the 1984 Derby aboard Patsy and won the Kentucky Oaks. First up from 13th place to win the race in 1951.

CHRIS TAYLOR, 29, former NCAA heavyweight wrestling champion (1972-'73) and a bronze medalist at the 1972 Olympics, at natural death, in Ocala, Fla. McCrory, who won more than 1,500 meets in 21 years before becoming a trainer, came from 13th place to win the 1984 Derby aboard Patsy and won the Kentucky Oaks. First up from 13th place to win the race in 1951.

CREDITS

12, 13—George Tadmoran; 14, 15—James Drake; 16, 17—George Tadmoran; 18—Marty Russo; 19—Tony Tomlin; 20—James Drake; 21—Tony Tomlin; 22—James Drake; 23—Marty Russo; 24—Tony Tomlin; 25—James Drake; 26—Marty Russo; 27—James Drake; 28—Marty Russo; 29—James Drake; 30—Marty Russo; 31—James Drake; 32—Marty Russo; 33—James Drake; 34—Marty Russo; 35—James Drake; 36—Marty Russo; 37—James Drake; 38—Marty Russo; 39—James Drake; 40—Marty Russo; 41—James Drake; 42—Marty Russo; 43—James Drake; 44—Marty Russo; 45—James Drake; 46—Marty Russo; 47—James Drake; 48—Marty Russo; 49—James Drake; 50—Marty Russo; 51—James Drake; 52—Marty Russo; 53—James Drake; 54—Marty Russo; 55—James Drake; 56—Marty Russo; 57—James Drake; 58—Marty Russo; 59—James Drake; 60—Marty Russo; 61—James Drake; 62—Marty Russo; 63—James Drake; 64—Marty Russo; 65—James Drake; 66—Marty Russo; 67—James Drake; 68—Marty Russo; 69—James Drake; 70—Marty Russo; 71—James Drake; 72—Marty Russo; 73—James Drake; 74—Marty Russo; 75—James Drake; 76—Marty Russo; 77—James Drake; 78—Marty Russo; 79—James Drake; 80—Marty Russo; 81—James Drake; 82—Marty Russo; 83—James Drake; 84—Marty Russo; 85—James Drake; 86—Marty Russo; 87—James Drake; 88—Marty Russo; 89—James Drake; 90—Marty Russo; 91—James Drake; 92—Marty Russo; 93—James Drake; 94—Marty Russo; 95—James Drake; 96—Marty Russo; 97—James Drake; 98—Marty Russo; 99—James Drake; 100—Marty Russo.

FACES IN THE CROWD

ELIZABETH ONYAMU
ROMAN PRINCE, KENYA

Elizabeth, 12, running barefoot, won the women's 1,500 at the Jomo Kenyatta Invitational in Nairobi, her first international meet, beating Kenya's best at the distance, Rose Thomson. Her time of 4:23.18 is phenomenal for her age.

MIKE YASTREMBKI
BOLARIN, ILL.

Mike, 17, whose father Carl plays for the Boston Red Sox, batted .443 with 29 RBIs to lead Cardinal Gibbons High in a 22-12 record and into the district tournament. A third baseman, Mike will play for Florida State University next year.

ALBERT BROSE
SCHWABENHUTTEN, AUSTRIA

Brose, 72, won gold medals in the javelin (75' 3") and pole vault (5' 11") at the Moscow 1980 American track and field championships in Toronto. Born in Austria, Brose has won more than 300 medals in Masters competition since 1973.

RYAN O'BRIEN
IDAHO

O'Brien, a junior at SML, won the AAU golf title in Stillwater, Okla. with a 72-hole score of 292, 10 strokes better than his nearest competitor, Canyon Hill of Tulsa, Tenn. Moody of Georgia and Jeannette Kerr of Arizona State.

MITCH EMOFF
DETROIT, ILL.

Mitch, a right-handed senior, and Mike, a left-handed junior, have won 47 straight tennis doubles matches in three regular seasons for The Miami Valley High, a Class A school (only 60 boys in grades 9 through 12), which competes against much larger AA and AAA schools. Although the partners are also small—both are 5' 8"—and neither one is good enough to play singles for Miami Valley, as a team Mitch and Mike have lost only three sets in three years.

MIKE RICE
DETROIT, ILL.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

ROCKY'S ROOTERS

Sir:

Your coverage of sports-related movies and books has been excellent—until now. Frank Deford's pummeling of *Rocky II* (Moview, June 25) proves once again that all good things must come to an end. Deford bases his critique too much on the fact that the film is a sequel and not enough on the quality of the movie itself. While he was busy downgrading Sly Stallone's directing and repetitiveness, he completely missed the story I agree that most sequels are mere money-making vehicles, that little concern is given to making sure they're good entertainment. However, there is an exception to every rule—and *Rocky II* is such an exception. It is American fantasy at its best. All Stallone did was give the public what it wanted to see: a winner named Rocky Balboa. Alas, this is not what the critics expected.

Rocky II is pure entertainment and should be accepted as just that. I suggest that Deford see the movie again. Only this time he should forget about pen and paper and enjoy himself—even if it hurts.

A. W. SAUNDERS III
East Boston, Mass.

Sir:

Imagine my disillusionment. After seeing *Rocky II*, I walked out of the theater with a spring in my step, humming the movie's theme and thinking about what an entertaining, uplifting film I had just seen. Now Frank Deford tells me that the movie wasn't so hot—and who am I to argue with Frank Deford? O.K., maybe I was wrong. But just to make sure I'll see the film two more times. Maybe three or four, if I need a lift.

S. L. MARTIN
Highland Heights, Ky.

Sir:

Rocky II is the perfect sequel. Though it is very similar to the original, though perhaps it is melodramatic at times and, yes, though it is overdrawn to some extent, it works. Stallone didn't take any risks because he didn't have to. Besides being just plain fun, *Rocky II* offers the public the inspiration, enthusiasm and triumph lacking in ordinary life. Because of this deep-rooted appeal, the movie is destined for success. Judging from Frank Deford's review, it is not *Rocky II* that suffers from tired blood. It's Deford. We look forward to *Rocky III*.

THE KENNEDY, NO. 46 FAMILY
Downers Grove, Ill.

Sir:

When Frank Deford concludes his review by saying, "It is only a payday, and we know

it," I wish he had said, "and I know it," because that "we" does not include me.

ANDREW RANAZZI
Howard City, Mich.

Sir:

Frank Deford and I agree on only one point about *Rocky II*. It isn't as good as *Rocky*. Otherwise we couldn't differ more. When I saw *Rocky II*, the people in the audience were laughing, cheering, screaming and crying for and with Rocky Balboa.

To each his own opinion, but the final say will come from the box office, not from critics like Deford.

ALAN TURNER
Andrews, Texas

Sir:

I didn't see anyone walk out.

DUG KIRKMAN
Westerville, Ohio

Sir:

Even my mother cheered for Rocky during the fight. I hope Deford forgets about doing any future movie reviewing and goes back to being a good sportswriter.

STEVEN C. SOTO
Clayton, Calif.

A MORE PLACID VILLAGE

Sir:

I was somewhat surprised by the article in your April 9 issue (*The Olympic Getaway*) in which I was quoted regarding the quality of the Olympic Village for the Lake Placid Winter Games. The only time I saw the Village was more than 15 months ago, when the framework of the buildings was just going up and the facilities were virtually nonexistent.

I would like to point out that in late May, at the International Sports Press Association Congress held in Moscow, a representative of the International Olympic Committee informed us that several changes had been made in the plans for the accommodations and that the IOC commission sent to Lake Placid to review the plans had been satisfied.

Having been involved in the organization of the 1972 Winter Games in Sapporo, I appreciate the problems an organizer faces when staging such a great event. I also have been working with the Lake Placid people over the past few years—chiefly in connection with the press arrangements, as I supervised the press center during the Sapporo Games—and I greatly admire their sincere efforts. I have every confidence in the Lake Placid officials, and I am sure that we will have a great Olympic Games next year.

Finally, I would like to stress that the policy of the Japanese Olympic Committee has always been to strive to become a construc-

tive element in the Olympic movement. Also, despite the fact that I am an executive member of that committee, whatever was written in the article does not in any way reflect the opinion of the committee. I hope that our delegation will be warmly welcomed in Lake Placid—and I am sure it will be—because our athletes will be going there not only to try to win medals but also to win friendship among your people.

TSUYOSHI MIYAKAWA
Tokyo

ON THE TRACK

Sir:

One world-class article by Kenny Moore at the start (*Shifting into High for Moscow*) and another at the finish (*The Man Who Unraveled Ireland*) made your June 25 issue quite an event. Like our track and field athletes, Kenny is in top condition to cover the long road to Moscow. He's already got my vote for a gold medal.

ELIE WINE
Philadelphia

Sir:

Wow! What a piece! Kenny Moore did an outstanding job on the story of a fine Irishman, Eamonn Coghlan.

DANIEL J. O'BRIEN
Beaverton, Ore.

Sir:

To quote the opening lines of an Irish blessing: "May the road rise up to meet you, may the wind be always at your back." Here's to Eamonn Coghlan!

WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN
Cincinnati

Sir:

For me, Kenny Moore's article on the AAU track and field championships was only partly saved by the paragraphs about the ageless Al Oerter and his quest for a fifth Olympic gold medal. My complaint? The omission of any mention of Willie Smith, another promising Long Islander, and his performance in the 400-meter run. Willie's victory in early May over Alberto Juantorena wasn't considered spectacular because the Cuban was supposedly out of shape. But Smith's 45.55 was the fastest time in the world this year. Now Willie is proving he's serious about Olympic gold. His 45.10 AAU triumph again was the world's fastest time of the year. And Smith is just getting started. Maybe the picture of Evelyn Ashford could have been a little smaller to allow room for a few words about Smith, who I predict will be the next Olympic 400-meter gold medalist.

JOHN R. KIPLING JR.
Lynbrook, N.Y.

Sir:

Nowhere in the article or in *FOR THE RECORD* was there any mention of the fine performances by U.S. race walkers. Neal Pyke won the men's 20-km race in 1:27:11, the fastest time ever by an American. Marco Evmuk won the 50-km with a time of 4:10:33, the second-best time ever by an American. Only Larry Young's 4:00:46 at Munich in 1972 was better. And Sue Brodack set a meet record by winning the 5-km in 24:07.6 and an American and meet record by winning the 10-km in 50:32.6.

Walkers traditionally receive little or no recognition, but when performances are outstanding, they should be noted.

KEVIN NELSON
Kenosha, Wis.

CHAMPION IRWIN

Sir:

Don Jenkins' typically fine and witty coverage of the U.S. Open (*Up a Tree in Toledo*, June 25) was most refreshing. Some other accounts I had read earlier bemoaned the high-scoring "horror show" and the "clerical" winner.

Inverness, a formidable course, provided an admirable setting for the national title. And Jenkins makes clear that Hale Irwin, a terrific player and competitor, is every bit a worthy champion.

ROBERT WERNER
Albany, N.Y.

MANAGER MOSS

Sir:

After reading Jerry Green's story on the Detroit Tigers' firing of their manager, Les Moss (*Could Les Have Done More?*, June 25), I have to wonder if loyalty means anything. Apparently not, as far as the Tigers are concerned. Loyalty be damned. It's a rotten shame that a fine man was denied his opportunity just because Sparky Anderson, a guy with a bigger reputation, was available.

ED FERIANC
Cicero, Ill.

Sir:

I feel that the Tiger front office gave Les Moss a raw deal. He seemed to be doing about as good a job as anyone could do with a young team that doesn't have great pitching. Being a Tiger fan, I have seen what I consider some dumb moves by General Manager Jim Campbell, including the firing of Billy Martin a few years back. Nonetheless, I'm sure Sparky Anderson will do a great job—if he is given more than 53 games in which to prove himself.

THOMAS MCKENZIE
Foxboro, Mass.

Sir:

Everyone came to Sparky Anderson's defense when he was fired by the Cincinnati Reds. Now Anderson has shown he is bush by accepting a job with the Tigers, who fired a man who had rendered decades of good service to their organization. What about all the other jobs Anderson purportedly was offered?

continued



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19TH HOLE (continued)

Les Moss doesn't deserve the treatment he received, and shame on Anderson for being a party to it.

ALAN ADAMS
Honolulu

THREE-POINTERS

So the NBA says three-point field goals will spice up the fans' interest (SLOCARD June 25). In other words, instead of yawning through a 125-115 game, we can now doze through a 140-125 one. The NBA still thinks that the secret of success is proportionate to the number of points the teams score. The problem is too much scoring. The games last too long, and the points become more meaningless the higher they get. Give me a 98-95 or a 102-98 thriller. You can have your 140-125 and 125-115 games. Just once I wish the "experts" would listen to the people who actually determine the bottom line.

BOB LOSACKER
Portage, Wis.

Sir,

If SI had covered the ABA as extensively as it should have, it would have discovered that the three-point shot is the best thing ever to happen to pro basketball. You ask if it will work for the better in the NBA. You bet it will. And if you won't take my word for it, just ask anyone in Louisville, Indianapolis, San Antonio, Denver or Salt Lake City.

MARK NEWLAND
Indianapolis

Sir,

The three-point play is exciting. I enjoyed the old ABA days and the Pacers' Billy Keller launching his accurate rockets, but I am wondering what controversy may arise over scoring records. Will those set after the introduction of three-point baskets have asterisks after them? Whatever happens, I bet San Diego's Lloyd Free is in ecstasy. The rule is tailor-made for him.

MICHAEL ADAMS
Summit, N.J.

SCOUTING THE ACC

Sir,

I was both surprised and disappointed when I read your article on Ron Givner and his showcase for pro basketball prospects (Sort of a Court of Last Resort, May 21). I am referring to the paragraph mentioning Tiny Pinder of North Carolina State and the quote from former Detroit scout AJ Menendez, "Pinder's school is the only one in the country that doesn't reserve tickets for scouts, so he made a good move coming here."

Menendez' statement is erroneous. While it is true that N.C. State doesn't honor requests from pro scouts for seats on press row, this policy is in force throughout the Atlantic Coast Conference, not just at N.C. State. Furthermore, sports information directors at many other schools have told me that they also follow this policy. However, Coach Norm Sloan has good rapport with the pros and has

always made sure that any scout checking out one of his players has been able to get a game ticket. We followed this policy when David Thompson, Tommy Burleson, Monte Towe and Kenny Carr were playing here. And they received fine pro contracts.

ED SCAMAN

Sports Information Director
North Carolina State University
Raleigh, N.C.

RAPID RIVERS

Sir,

Your article on rafting down Maine's Kennebec and Penobscot rivers was excellent and the pictures were fantastic (Taking the Maine Chance, June 25). I have gone canoeing down the Delaware River, and Skinner's Falls is nothing compared to the Extremator on the West Branch of the Penobscot. How can I get in touch with Wayne Hockmeyer for more information on rafting down these two outrageous rivers?

TONY BALDWIN
Hopewell Junction, N.Y.

• The address of Hockmeyer's Northern Whitewater Expeditions is P.O. Box 100, The Forks, Maine 04955—ED

Sir,

I've seen and fished these rivers and I realize just how beautiful they are. I hope their beauty will not be spoiled by the hydroelectric plants that may be built on them. Thank you for calling attention to the problem.

PIETE WORTHING
Rumford, Maine

TITANIC UPSETS

Sir,

As a Penn State student, I can understand how Arkansas must have felt after the heretofore little-known Cal State Fullerton Titans won the NCAA Division I baseball championship (Fast Tale for the Titans, June 18). Fullerton also won the national women's gymnastics championship this year, by dethroning last year's AAUW champ, Penn State, by a mere one-tenth of a point.

KEN EISNER
Pittsburgh

NO STALEMATE

Sir,

I am the one who was offered a draw—not a stalemate—by Ananely Karpov (FALLEN IN THE CROWD, June 11). A stalemate cannot be offered. It is a position in which the king has no legal move, and the game then ends in a draw. The significance of this game was that Karpov offered me a draw.

Please correct the mistake. I would look very foolish indeed if the chess world thought I had made that statement.

GISELA BEKER
New York City

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